

The TATLER

Vol. CLVI. No. 2025

London
April 17, 1940



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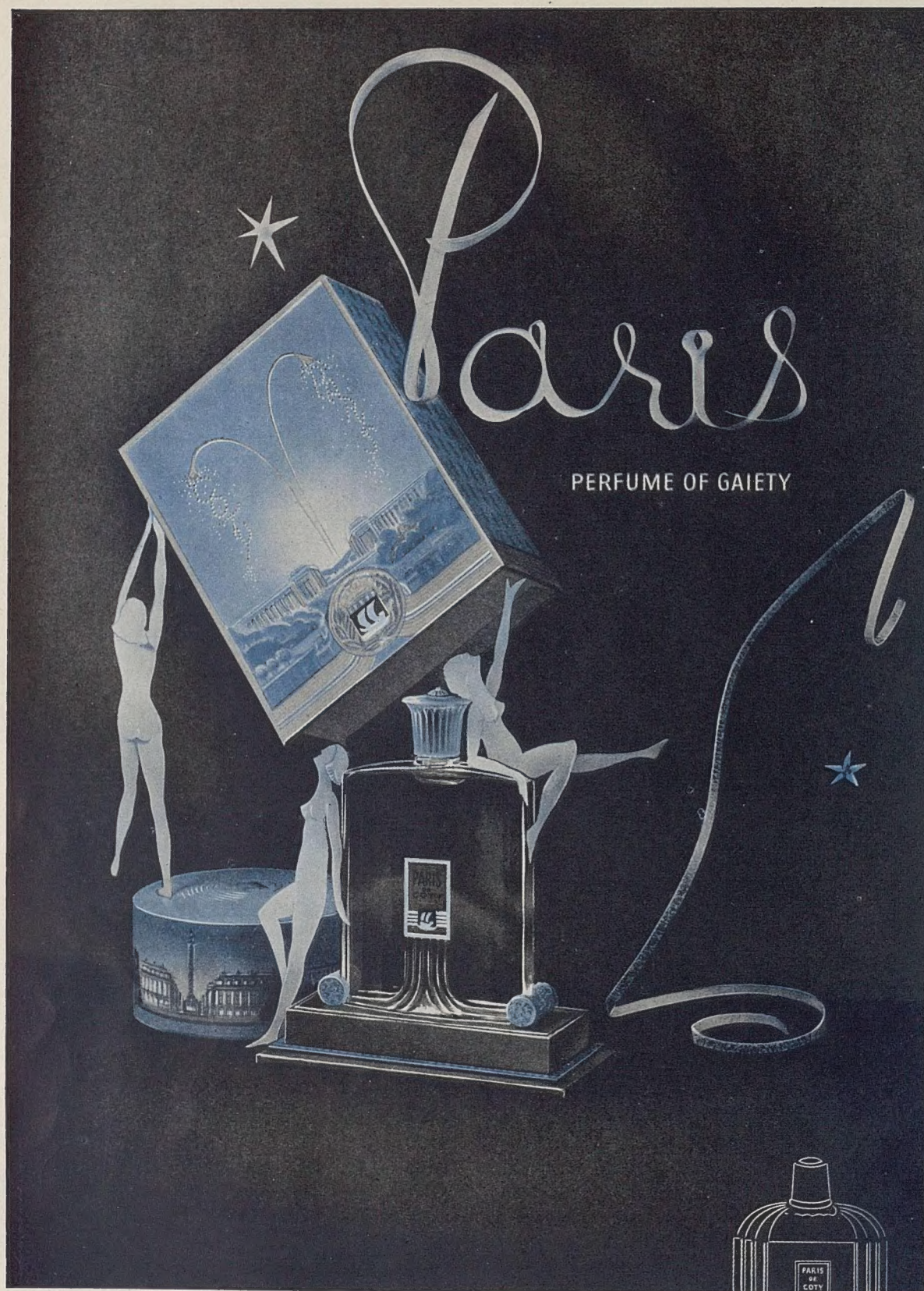
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LONDON · APRIL 17 · 1940

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Janet Jevons, New Bond Street

LORD AND LADY GEORGE WELLESLEY AND THEIR SON RICHARD

Lord George Wellesley, who was a wing commander and collected an M.C. in the last war, is a pilot officer in this one. He was originally a Grenadier Guard. Lord and Lady George Wellesley's only son Richard, who was born in 1920, is a lance sergeant in an anti-aircraft battery



The Social Round

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

"What e'er men do, or say or think or dream,
Our motley paper feizes for its theme"

The "slogan," from Juvenal, which prefaced Sir Richard Steele's original "Tatler" of 1709

Three Young Artists

The shape and pattern of the people who drop in to 142 New Bond Street for a peek at pictures by Sir Francis Rose and Lady Kinross, is essentially willowy; for example, Tilly Losch who, having put on a few pounds and regained her health in Arizona, is living at a south-east coast port with her husband, Lord Carnarvon, known to the silver ring as "Lordy," and to his pals as the best of company. Her wide-skirted dark blue coat with immense pockets and various elegant appendages did not suggest Mrs. Major O'Dowd, but there will be ample time to study the part.

Sir Francis Rose is a Riviera character, and his talent I overheard described as "madly decorative." He has ideas and becoming modesty. One of his subjects is Mr. Cecil Beaton, who came to see himself. Others who came to see pictures by Lady Kinross (Angela Culme-Seymour) in another room, included Thelma, Lady Furness accompanied by her son and Miss Mala Brand; Lady Elizabeth von Hofmann-



Jane Hydon

LADY HOWLAND AND HER SON
HENRY ROBIN IAN

Lord and Lady Howland's son is the only boy who is the third heir to a dukedom, his great-grandfather being the Duke of Bedford. The picture was taken when the baby was two months old. He was born at the Ritz. The Marquis of Tavistock, his grandfather, is the Duke of Bedford's only son

stahl, dressed for the wedding of her sister Lady Rose McLaren; Lady Chetwode, Rex Whistler, Lady Beauchamp and her sister-in-law, Princess Romanowski-Pavlovski. Angela Kinross's work shows great facility; one of the most attractive treescapes was dashed off in a few hours before the show. And she is prodigal with light even when the scene is Bayswater.

At thirty-five, John Aldridge, who sold six in the first twenty minutes at the Leicester Gallery, belongs to another calibre. Though some of his Essex landscapes seem cold and sombre to exaggeration, others are great little compositions, about which there can be few arguments. Sir Edward Marsh, who cocked an approving eyebrow, had been to a run of good first nights—*Jeannie* (of whose heroine, Barbara Mullen, I gave you the background before her story broke)—*Rebecca*, and *A House in the Square*, at which he commented on the incorrectness of the male fashioned in the 1910 act.

The next big opening will be Leslie Henson's *Up and Doing*, from Manchester, in which Carroll Gibbons accompanies Patricia Burke, who sings an appealing old Rogers and Hart

number, "This Can't (to rhyme with bant) be Love," which I heard in New York in '38, in a painful smash-hit called *The Boys from Syracuse*, founded on Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, of all the ham plots to choose.

A Rill-Mill in Reading

There were several Berkshire visitors to John Aldridge's private view, because his mother, Mrs. Horace Lloyd lives near Highclere, and his handsome half-sister (who used to be nicknamed "Biddy the Blonde Bombshell" by the envious young ladies of Newbury), brought her husband, Richard Quarry, who is in the local battery and the local brewery, which also applies to his cousin, Captain F. H. Y. Keighley, encountered a day or two later at the Reading Services Club. This was a rill-mill, with muscled military in profusion, one of whom, Colonel A. D. Gordon, pretended to own a pair of wings. The mayor's robust and humorous speech contained more rill propaganda than a billion pamphlets. He told simply how the citizens of Reading had



Harlip

MISS HESTER PARSONS, ENGAGED TO
MR. DAVID RUSSELL

The bride-elect is the younger daughter of the Rev. R. E. and Mrs. Parsons, of Newick Lodge, Newick, Sussex, and Mr. Russell, the youngest son of the Hon. Sir Odo and Lady Russell, uncle and aunt of Lord Amptill



Cannons of Hollywood

LADY MOYRA BUTLER ENGAGED TO
LIEUTENANT CHARLES WELD-FORESTER

Lady Moyra Butler's engagement to Lieutenant C. R. C. Weld-Forester, Rifle Brigade, only son of Major the Hon. Edin and Lady Victoria Forester. Lady Moyra is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Ossory

made the club, knowing it was the immediate practical way in which they could show their will to win the war; of how all sorts and conditions were combining to run it (with Mrs. Norman Railing and the W.V.S. as shock troops) and of the difficulties encountered up to date, beginning with the War Office, at which point in his narrative, Brigadiers Wilkinson and Clarke guffawed, likewise Colonel Griffiths, Wing Commander Barraclough and the rest of the forces present. His Worship ended by describing how in the early hours of the opening day "A Gentleman Cadet from Sandhurst, who was scrubbing the canteen floor, got housemaid's knee, but continued to do his bit in the attitude of a human spider," which raised a blush from Michael Angas, cadet in question.

This gathering (at which Lady Northampton and Mrs. G. C. Usher provided a fashion note in lichen green two-pieces) was representative of the English character, with all its humours and pretences, and its essential kindness. I wished it could have been recorded by the B.B.C. If Reading was in France, they would make a film round the club, with the mayor and the military and all the helpers. It would be ironic, and a patriotic masterpiece. But this is England, and no director has yet seen ourselves as Miss Delafield sees us.

Americana from Paris

The French have made another notable film *Tempête* (not to be confused with *L'Orage*) which had a Marignan *première*, attended by those who dine at Ciro's, where my agent has seen Edward Molyneux, Count Haugwitz-Reventlow, Jacqueline Delubac, Ramon Novarro, A. A. Milne, Mrs. Jack Crawshaw (Anne Tyrell), Captain Sir Alfred Beit and wife, Lady Decies, who still gives dinner parties in the rue des Saints-Pères, and, inevitably, some younger Rothschilds and elder Hennessys. The most interesting woman passing through Paris was Dorothy Thompson, whose political column is appraised by millions in the U.S.A.

There was considerable chuchoting over the trial of the forty-four Communist *Deputés*, at which one of the witnesses was Lord Faringdon, whose friends still talk of him as Gavin Henderson, a youngish relic of the Roaring 'Twenties, who gives interesting house parties at Buscot Park, and spends a good deal of time in Paris.

Lord Fermoy is in Paris serving as an organizer of the Y.M.C.A. Another half-American, the second Lady Chesham, was at the Ritz for a few days with her husband. The Marquise de Talleyrand-Perigord (better remembered as Mrs. Ali Mackintosh) and her husband, who is many years her senior, are due there from Rome, whence they visited Sicily in state with Senora Mario Pansa, who is better remembered as "Laddie" Sanford's horsey sister, Janie. Her husband is one of Musso's diplomats. And Rome has appreciated the visit of a veteran American writer and lecturer, Mr. Poultny Bigelow, who first went there in 1859, and sees no reason to allow a mere war to interfere with his schedule.

Americans and Others in London

One of the most seenabout of snappy Americans still over here is Mrs. "Timmy" Lansing, who has reverted to her maiden name. Her husband's was Peter Arno. She went to Mrs. Harriet Harriman's premature tennis week-end in Surrey. The leading man was Derek

Blythe, who has had long leave. Players included Margaret Vyner, the "Dino" Bruntons, George Jackson, Daphne Wedekind (no longer on the stage, and almost engaged to be married) and Vernon Motion whose aunt, Lady Elizabeth Motion, is an Extra Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary. They were all fascinated by the hostess's account of her meeting with "Lord Haw-Haw." She recognized his voice at once. He is William Joyce, formerly an ardent Mosleyite, whom she met about four years ago, staying with Emerson Bainbridge in Scotland. "Haw-Haw" did not go down well with his fellow guests, who included the Carleton-Pagets, and her lovely sister Anne, then a schoolgirl, now Mrs. Desmond Reid.

The loveliest girl in the Ritz last week



LUNCHING AT QUAG'S

Lord Tennyson, cricketing grandson of the Laureate, bears the marks of a head injury necessitating six stitches, which he had the misfortune to incur in a motor accident recently. He is in uniform in this war, as in the last, when he served with the Rifle Brigade in France and Belgium "from soup to nuts," attaining the rank of major. With him is Lady Duff-Assheton Smith, who was the Hon. Joan Marjoribanks, daughter of the third Lord Tweedmouth



AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS

Miss Zara Mainwaring, daughter of the late Sir Harry Stapleton Mainwaring and of Lady Mainwaring, was with Lord Derby's grandson, the Hon. Richard Stanley, at this popular rendezvous the other evening. Lady Mainwaring is the eldest daughter of Sir Richard Williams Bulkeley, commodore of the R.Y.S., and of the late Lady Magdalen Rivers Bulkeley, who died in January



IN THE CANNES SUN

A peaceful picture upon which to gaze in these war-like times, and in it, left to right: Mrs. Braithwaite, Mrs. Parkinson, wife of Colonel George Parkinson, Mr. J. Roland Robinson, the Member for Blackpool since 1935, and Major Albert Braithwaite, D.S.O., who has been the Member for Buckrose, East Yorkshire, since 1926. He enlisted on the outbreak of the last war and later got a commission in the Yorkshire Hussars

was Miss Jessica Stonor, a sculptress whose shamrock green eyes are fringed with naturally curly lashes. Experts can tell at a glance whether a girl uses an eyelash curler, or merely spits on her finger. She was talking with intelligence and animation to Baroness de Rutzen (whose brother, Sir John Phillips, owns Picton Castle, a wonderful place in Wales) and Mrs. "Ronnie" Senior (Norah Joicey) whose lichen-green spring coat has a black cloth hem starting below the hips and swinging out—*très neuf*. The baroness, who is young, blonde, competent, well-read, and of dazzling polish, would make an ideal wife for an ambassador. Actually her husband is a soldier and she second-in-command at the "Daily Sketch" Fund in Piccadilly. A diplomat's sparkling wife, Mrs. Henry Hohler (Val Pirie) joined this group and described *con brio* how grateful Budapest is to Gräfin Anton Apponyi (formerly Mrs. Madeleine Hooker, of Baltimore) for giving a few parties. Nobody else entertains, and the diplomats get a little *lasse*, no doubt, of eating each other's cutlets, or the Hungarian equivalent.

Others lunching, drinking, talking and looking, included Mrs. Euan Wallace and Michael Arlen; Mrs. Hélène Glorney and daughter; the Eric Bowaters arranging to dine out (changed) with the Malcolm Vaughans (Zara Deuchar); John Barclay in uniform (last seen at Scheidegg on skis); and "Jock" Campbell at the bar, now the only parrot house this side of Regent's Park; David Herbert, Lady Jowitt (who took her débutante Penelope to the Queen Charlotte's *thé dansant* of which more further on); Lady Diana Cooper in a four with Lady Cunard, Cecil Beaton and Captain Euan Wallace, who

The Social Round—continued

left for the House in good time; Mrs. Idina Mills in one of the highly coloured, largely checked jackets she wears so well; Mrs. Vyvyan Drury; Mrs. Andrew Vanneck (*née* Countess Bonde, of Stockholm) and, having a snack with her husband between shifts at the Air Ministry, Lady Doverdale, who asks me to ask you to buy flags on Tuesday, May 7, for the centenary of King's Hospital. Those who will help her sell them at Lady Hambleden's former *dépôt* in Kingsway should telephone the hospital—Brixton 6222.

Among the Military

Also Ritzing on her day up, as distinct from her day out, was Mrs. Michael Buller, who has moved to Winchester as her husband is at the Greenjackets *dépôt*, where his brother officers include Major Rhys Mansel, whose delightful wife is the only sister of Sir Guy and "Archie" Campbell, both back in the 60th again. Mrs. Dorothy Campbell was lunching *à trois* that day with youthful Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys and Diana Napier Tauber, whose *décoleté* was a deep V and her hat a Mexican sailor.

Many soldiers' families are having an uncomfortable and expensive time moving from point to point, consequently the Gordon Kirkpatricks count themselves lucky to have dug in at Tidworth in Government quarters. They are making the most of a tiny garden and foregoing their own beautiful garden in Oxfordshire, for the duration. Tidworth is quite gay in its sherry way, and at Camberley the weekly R.M.C. dance amuses *les jeunes filles*, whose regular partners include some magnificent Canadians and tall "Andy" Drummond-Hay, of Seggeiden, who has returned from Canada whither he had emigrated.

Thé Dansants Again

The London *débutantes* are not having a whirl, with certain exceptions such as Miss Pamela Newall, seen lunching with an H.B. escort at the Mirabelle. Mr. Seymour Leslie deserves the gratitude of the Mothers for following up his Queen Charlotte's Dance with two *thé dansants* for the hospital, at the second of which Lady Howard de Walden made her first appearance since her long illness. On the same afternoon Lord Howard de Walden gave away their niece, Charmian van Raalte, at her wedding to Sir Odo Russell's second son, Alaric. Lady Howard found the *thé dansant* somewhat noisy after three months of being in one room, but she enjoyed herself and added to the *décor* in a black-feathered hat. Mrs. John Scott-Ellis glowed with health after a sojourn at Chirk Castle with her children. Her husband, the Howards' only son, is in the Westminster Dragoons, now a tank unit.

Débutantes were brought by Lady "W.V.S." Reading, together with Lady Jowett; Lady St. John of Bletso, who was talking of having regular *thé dansants* at her house; Mrs. Richard

Ford, whose brunette *ex-débutante* Rosemary looked appealing in a blue top to a black dress; Mrs. Warren Pearl, and Lady Hamond-Graeme wearing a white guipure collar. With her was Lady Kitty Cole, attended by eligible Derek Hague, Henry Kingsbury and Charles Harding.

Aintree and Northolt

Apart from the return trains running as much as three hours late on Friday, Saturday AND Sunday, it was a comfortable meeting for wartime. The Adelphi was furiously gay on National night, but less crowded and consequently less barbaric. Lady (John) Reynolds, who had a house party at Iscody Park, is a niece of Lord Stalbridge, owner of the winner. She is one of the

looked not only more distinguished but more attractive than any one. She wore an Alice-blue gown. Mrs. Tom Hussey, better remembered as Mrs. Peggy Harmsworth; Mrs. Cecil Brownhill; Mrs. Smith Bingham; Captain Frank Covell (who was staying with Lord Sefton); Sir Alfred Butt and the Sidney Wilkinsons, who had the doctor of the course, Michael Garry, and his pretty daughter with them, had weighed in. Lord Queenborough's party comprised his two pretty daughters by his second marriage, and his daughter Dorothy Paget and her great friend, Mrs. Waterman Pitt, who was the stage favourite Gwennie Brogden. There were virtually no Americans, and the top row of the County Stand, where in more ordinary years an invisible Stars and

Stripes seems to flap above God's Own Chillun, was curiously silent. But Mr. Gray, the next U.S. Minister to our nearest neutral neighbour, Eire, made a diplomatic appearance, considering his destination.

At Northolt the wind was as cold as Aintree, and the trains equally annoying, as there were no specials from Marylebone. Underground to South Harrow, and bus to the course, is the best way now. I learnt this too late in the day from the "Queen of Northolt," whose husband, Colonel P. G. P. Lea, is a steward of the Pony Club. Lord "Robin" Innes-Kerr was there with his wife. The blackest mink belonged, of course, to Blanche Rowe, and the neatest turn-outs to Mrs. Philip Cripps and Miss Angela Ely, the last-named being *en route* for the Quintin Hoggs' cocktail party. They entertained a number of young and youngish officers from the French Army and Navy at their house in Victoria Square. Lord Hailsham's daughter-in-law is a high-brow Canadian and an excellent young international hostess. Her brother, who is serving as an A.B., helped, and among the minority of women was Mrs. Robert Keeling, whose husband sits for Twickenham.



AT THE CHRISTENING OF LORD AND LADY WIMBORNE'S SON

The ceremony took place at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, which is quite close to Wimborne House in Arlington Street. The son and heir was given the names of Ivor Fox-Strangways, the first being his father's name and the second the surname of his mother who was formerly Lady Mabel Fox-Strangways and is Lord and Lady Ilchester's younger daughter. She married Lord Wimborne in 1938

handsomest and least written-up of H.B. wives. (Her husband is back in the Irish Guards.) They brought Mr. and Mrs. "Charlie" Mills (mink, blue and brown clothes) and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ducas (scarlet shirt with a green suit, green hat and scarlet ribbon). There were lots of the military and their mems, but few racing regulars, and the boxes were practically empty on the Saturday. Angela Ramsden-Jodrell looked as nice as any of the Cheshire contingent, and Miss Mary de Trafford was another pretty girl. Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey wandered about with an escort and her two sons. Frances Day was in Sir Alfred McAlpine's boisterous party, but dining at the Adelphi every one agreed that Lady Sybil Phipps, who was with the Anthonys,

Skating in London

No, the Round Pond has not frozen again. I refer to the Westminster Ice Rink which is open until about the end of May, and where innumerable "skaters, amateur and professional, sailors, soldiers, airmen, politicians, and other public servants of high and low degree" asked the veteran skater, T. D. Richardson, to thank Mr. Stephen Courtauld on their behalf for keeping the rink open this season, which pleasant gesture "Tike" fulfilled with north-country warmth.

The afternoon dance intervals are worth watching; especially the Gold Medal dances, five of which Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower has learned in three weeks. Deprived of ski-ing, she returned to her earlier hobby, with a pair of new skates which make toe spins much easier.

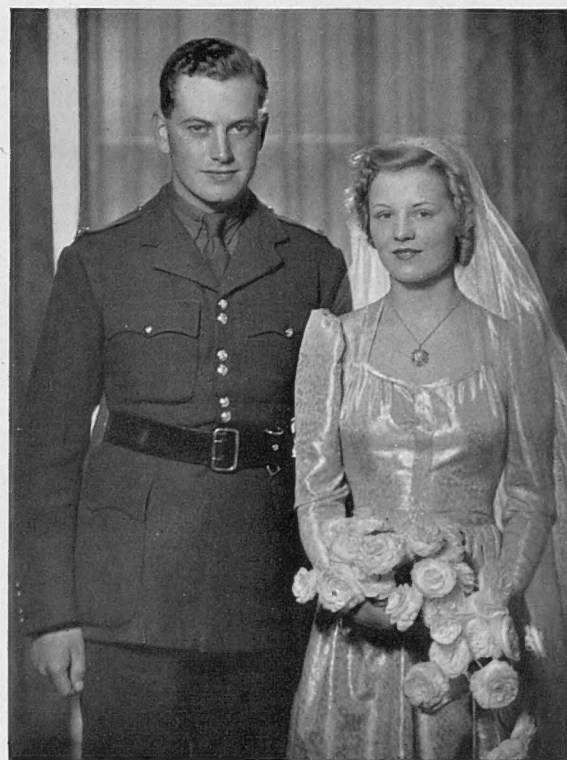
We much regret that a photograph of Mr. Edward Charles Fitzclarence, Irish Guards, and his wife, the former Mrs. Vivien Schofield, appeared on page 5 of our issue of April 3 among current wedding pictures. Our caption wrongly gave the date of their wedding as March 25, when, in fact, they were married on September 28, 1939. THE TATLER apologizes, with many regrets, for this double error.

A QUINTET OF APRIL WEDDINGS



WILKES - ALINGTON

In Durham Cathedral, on April 6, Mr. John Wilkes, Warden of Radley College, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Vaughan Wilkes, of St. Cyprian's, Wispers, Midhurst, Sussex, was married to Miss Joan Alington, youngest daughter of the Dean of Durham and the Hon. Mrs. Alington, daughter of the fourth Lord Lyttelton. Mr. Wilkes met Miss Alington when he was a master at Eton, during Dr. Alington's headmastership. He moved to Radley three years ago



PIGOTT-BROWN - EGERTON COTTON

The wedding took place on April 6, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, of Sir John Pigott-Brown, Coldstream Guards, only son of the late Capt. G. Hargreaves Brown, and of Ivy Lady Pigott-Brown, and Miss Helen Egerton Cotton, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Gilbert Egerton Cotton



THOROLD - RUSSELL

Mr. W. G. P. Thorold, elder son of the late Commander H. G. W. Thorold, R.N., and of Mrs. Thorold, of Silchester Hall, near Reading, and the Hon. Phyllis Margaret Russell, only daughter of the late Lord Ampthill and of the Dowager Lady Ampthill, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on April 4. Members of a V.A.D. contingent formed a guard of honour



RUSSELL - VAN RAALTE

Men of the bridegroom's company in battledress formed a guard of honour at the wedding on April 6 at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, of Captain Alaric Russell, K.R.R.C., The Queen's Westminster, second son of the Hon. Sir Odo and Lady Russell, and Miss Charmian Iris van Raalte, younger daughter of Mr. Noel van Raalte, of Bursledon, Hants. Sir Odo, was formerly British Minister at the Vatican and The Hague



PHILLIPS - TILLEY

The marriage took place on April 6, at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road, Kensington, of Mr. Reginald Percy Phillips, only son of Captain and Mrs. Percy Phillips, of Southborough, Kent, and Miss Yvonne Elsa Tilley, youngest daughter of Sir George and Lady Tilley, of Primrose House, Roehampton

THE CINEMA BY JAMES AGATE

I REMEMBER some years ago making a bet having to do with the state of popular education. I was walking on a Sunday morning with a friend who lives in Clapham, and he suggested that I should go to the saloon bar of any public house and ask six people how Charles I died. He was willing to bet that I should not get a single correct answer. I accepted the bet. The first two people to whom I put the question said that they had no idea how Charles I died. The third said he was run over, the fourth declared that he was strangled in the Tower of London, the fifth that he was drowned in the Wash, and the sixth and last spat, drank an entire pint of bitter, wiped his moustache, and in the gloomiest possible voice said: "Poisoned!" If that is the educational state of your average Englishman, what is it reasonable to suppose must be that of your Chicago gangster? Would you expect a gangster to know that President Lincoln was assassinated? Mr. Robert Montgomery, who plays the gangster in *The Earl of Chicago*, at the Leicester Square Theatre has never even heard of Lincoln, let alone his assassination. Nor does he know about the Pilgrim Fathers, or even realize that you have to cross water to get to England. I imagine that whoever made this film had good grounds for assuming that so much ignorance on the part of a gangster is credible. In any case, Mr. Montgomery makes it so. His is a wonderful piece of acting from the first moment to the last.

The story has been told by somebody with feeling, discretion, and even some wit. Mr. Montgomery, who has taken into partnership Mr. Edward Arnold, whom he had previously jailed for seven years, decides to let his partner accompany him to England to clear up that little matter of the earldom to which he has acceded. The occasion is used by Mr. Arnold to stage a long revenge. How he does this it is unnecessary to explain. Be it understood that while the pair are in England, Mr. Montgomery's racketeering business in Chicago goes to pot, leaving the earl without a penny in America, and unable to raise money for the death duties in England. His house in England is one of those whose east wing was blown into powder by Cromwell.

I have just been reading a delightful book of nonsense by Mr. Denis Dunn, which has a whole chapter devoted to houses like this one. Taking us through the picture gallery, he asks us to read from left to right: "Tancred the Unsafe, first Baron Noacres, slain by an arrow at Hastings. Ebor the Awful, second Baron Noacres, drowned in The White Ship. Fulk the Foul, seventh Baron Noacres, missing, believed dead, Crecy." And so on. And then the ladies: "Elfrida Lady Noacres, favourite of Henry III. Egfrith Lady Noacres, favourite of Henry IV. Luella Lady Noacres, favourite of Henry V. Plancetta Lady Noacres, favourite of Henry VI. Minnie Lady Noacres, favourite of

Bravo, Montgomery!

Henry VII." Then eight Lady Noacres who were all favourites of Henry VIII. And lastly Patience Lady Noacres, who was prepared to be favourite of Henry IX, but there wasn't one. So she retired to Caen. Thank you, Mr. Dunn!

The great beauty of the film, which, by the way, is a very long one, is its almost Henry Jamesian approach to the subject. "To whom do you, beautifully, belong?" was a question put to an English butler by a character in James's *The High Bid*. It could have been put to Mr. Edmund Gwenn who, as his lordship's butler in this film, embodies the whole of that English character into the comprehension of which he proceeds to inculcate his master. The gangster earl, you see, has not the slightest understanding that people can do anything or perform any service except for immediate "dough." He is unable to perceive that with a certain class of old nurses and old retainers,

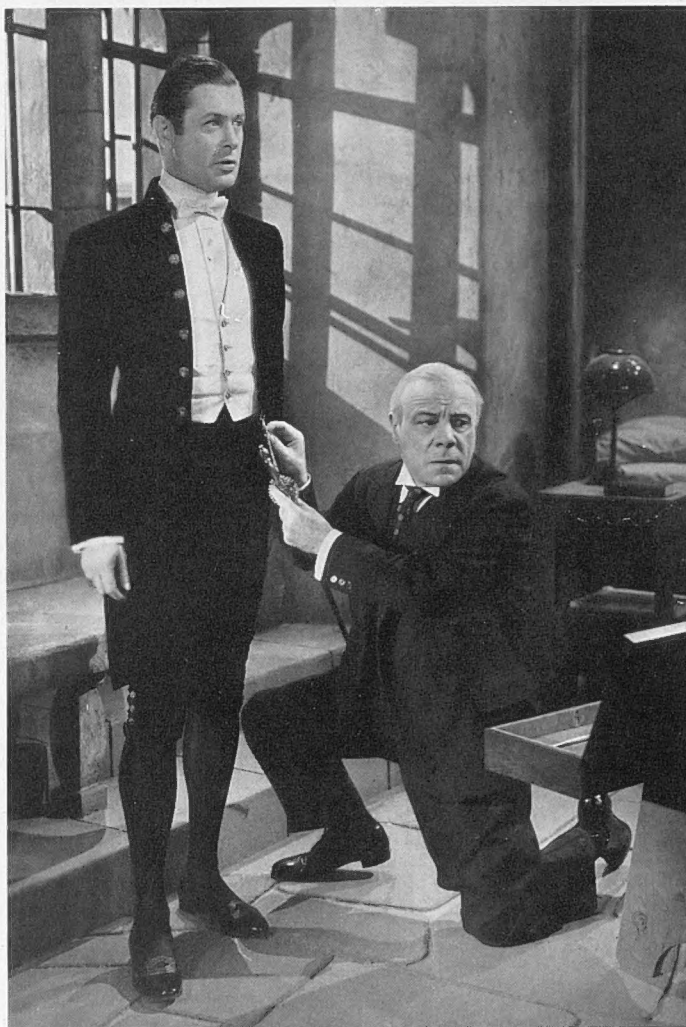
wages are a secondary consideration. And so, too, in bigger matters. He cannot understand that an estate is entailed. If it is, then it is obviously only a question of finding the right law officer to bribe. What is all this nonsense about his rehearsing for his first appearance in the House of Lords? He takes the peer's oath as a thing a guy can do on his head. But Mr. Gwenn rehearses his master willy-nilly. And then the day comes. And as the gangster marches up the floor of the House, you can almost see his courage running out of the heels of his boots! With the very nicest delicacy do the alterations in this gangster's character begin to appear.

And then the disaster happens. Mr. Arnold springs his mine, knowing full well that in Chicago the gangster would shoot him out of hand. But this is England and not Chicago, and Mr. Montgomery is a gangster with a curious phobia for pistols. The passage in which this is explained is extraordinarily interesting. It indicates that in time to come films may concern themselves with adult matters. But the gangster suddenly overcomes his phobia, and that is the end of Mr. Arnold! And then, whoever is responsible for making this film, took his great gamble, which was to make Mr. Montgomery elect for trial before his peers. In a famous passage that superb dramatic critic, C. E. Montague, once wrote the following: "Romantic acting, like other romantic art, is adventure, almost gambling; it comes off and it seems to have found new worlds, or lit on the door of magic, or it fails and flops into grotesqueness."

This film's trial scene in the House of Lords might, if clumsily handled, have aroused nothing but shrieks of laughter. It does not. And then there is another thing about the film which ought to arouse everybody's admiration. It is an axiom of play writing—and for that matter of film making—that you must not tell spectators what those spectators have already seen with their own eyes. Yet in his long speech in his own defence, Mr. Montgomery repeats what the audience already knows. With this all-important difference, that the events are now expressed in terms of the significance they had for the gangster earl. And the end is moving.

The whole picture does great credit to Hollywood, which, for once in a way, has had the sense to believe that the cinema audience may be something better than the lowest. Immense credit, too, is due to Mr. Montgomery for never faltering in what is probably the best and most difficult piece of tight-rope walking which either he or any other cinema player has yet been called upon to achieve.

J. A.



GANGSTER EARL

Robert Montgomery as an English earl who started life as a gangster in Chicago, and who was unable on his succession quite to outgrow his old habits, is helped by family retainer Edmund Gwenn, into court dress in readiness for his execution after trial by his peers for a regrettable and unexpected reliance on pistols in dealing with his crook lawyer (Edward Arnold). A scene from *The Earl of Chicago*, one of the best of recent films, showing at the Leicester Square Theatre, which James Agate deals with on this page

The most elaborate plans for a *première* in film history come to a head when *Gone with the Wind*, is shown tomorrow, April 18, simultaneously at the Empire, Palace and Ritz cinemas. In three months showing in the States the film earned over £2,000,000.

"THE COUNTRY WIFE" COMES BACK TO TOWN



HORNER (ALEC CLUNES), MARGERY PINCHWIFE (HERMIONE BADDELEY)
AND PINCHWIFE (CHARLES VICTOR)



URSULA JEANS AS ALITHEA

Although the seventeenth century knew not the joys of strip-tease, they had an idea of rumbustious fun in Restoration days which make the faint infidelities of our enlightened stages look pretty pallid. In any case Herbert Farjeon of the Little Theatre is celebrating the tercentenary of the birth of William Wycherley, greatest comic playwright of that golden age of English comedy, with a revival (the third of recent years) of *The Country Wife*, a masterpiece of indelicate fun. In the cast are Hermione Baddeley as Margery Pinchwife, Charles Victor as her foolish and cuckolded husband, Ursula Jeans as Alithea (the part she played in Tyrone Guthrie's 1936 production), and Alec Clunes as the gallant Horner, a part which was in 1936 played by film star Michael Redgrave, now swashbuckling his way through *The Beggar's Opera*. The play, which is produced by Miles Malleon, is to run for six or eight weeks and to be succeeded by another of the same period and genre, probably either *Love for Love* or *The Way of the World*.

(ON RIGHT) HERMIONE BADDELEY

The part of Margery Pinchwife, the country wife from whom the play takes its title, is played in the Little Theatre production by Hermione Baddeley, star of the *Little Revue*.



RACING RAGOUT BY "REGULAR"

THE Grand National was won by a horse I had never seen, whose owner-trainer I have never had the honour of meeting, and a jockey I don't even know by sight, but as it was not won by one of the horses I had backed I was delighted at the victory of Bogskar. People vary in the idea of what constitutes the ideal owner. Some swear by the man who never bets. They argue that as he doesn't bet, there is no incentive for him not to have a "go" every time they run, they regard him as the ideal owner as his horses run one hundred per cent straight. Others regard things from a more materialistic point of view, they like the gambler, arguing that if the good thing is sufficiently good for the owner to plunge on, it is good enough for them

prepared to sink or swim by his own efforts. Such a man is Lord Stalbridge, owner of Bogskar, and that's the kind of man I like to see win the greatest steeplechase in the world. National Hunt racing has had few better friends than Lord Stalbridge, a member of the National Hunt Committee, and I should like a fiver for every occasion on which he has acted as an honorary local steward. We are apt to forget the debt of gratitude we owe to our local stewards, for a more thankless task than theirs I cannot imagine.

Wine takes men and women in different ways, but I have always doubted the correctness of *in vino veritas*, and I can only say that if we really displayed our true selves when under the influence, my faith in human nature would be rudely shocked. My own particular acquaintances fall into two groups—those who want to fight and those who want to make love, but on National night both the lovers and the fighters have an insatiable desire to break things. Wanton destruction has never appealed to me, however much I've been tilting my elbow, but it would take more than a war to prevent a certain Liverpool ballroom from becoming a shambles of broken glass before the final reveller has been tucked safely in his bed.

One early morning I met my old friend the late Walter Griggs after a party at his house at Newmarket. Walter was a martyr to hangovers and one glance at him told me that he wasn't feeling so good. "D'you know what I'm going to do today?" he asked me. "I'm going to get my gun and go down my cellar and shoot the remainder of the champagne and old brandy." There was a man bent on destruction but he had a grievance, and a motive, too, for he was determined that he should never again fall a victim to those famous allies. Now if the National night revellers waited till the following morning when their hangovers were at their height, and then went and broke the place up, they would have my full sympathy, for at that time I have often wished to break the glass from which I've drunk too deeply, but breaking for the sake of breaking has never appealed to me. If a certain object offends you, break it by all means into a thousand pieces, but I cannot believe that the glass which you've just emptied, or the chair on which you've been sitting can have annoyed you, and I cannot understand why you should want to break them.

The jumping jockeys have certainly beaten the flat race jockeys in their dash to join the colours and flat race owners will not find any shortage of jockeys this summer. At the same time I hope owners on the look out for a jockey will give preference to those in the forces. C.O.s are very considerate about giving leave. I wonder if Private Gordon Roll's C.O. saw the Grand National film and appreciated the antics of this ardent young man. I think most of us regular racegoers were getting a little bored with Mr. Roll even before he joined the army, and we are definitely very bored that he should continue to be the racecourse comedian when wearing the King's uniform. For the first time in my life I heard races broadcast on the wireless when listening in to the Lincoln and National, and I should like to congratulate the gentlemen who were responsible for their very lucid and clear-cut stories of the races.

It was a bitter disappointment not to be present, and it is many years since I missed either race, but I got a rare thrill from my armchair. I also got a rare kick from watching the National on the pictures. What struck me most was the ease with which the horses took those big fences, proof that the going must have been absolutely perfect. A very great deal of nonsense has been written about the severity and even the cruelty of the Aintree fences, but though they are, of course, very big, they are the best made and the fairest fences in the world. The tightening up of the conditions which now prevent unwieldy fields of inexperienced horses and inexperienced riders taking part in the race to satisfy someone's conceit, or decide a freak wager, has done much to eradicate the misfortunes which can befall the legitimate runners, but the danger of a loose horse running amok still remains. Very heavy going will always take its toll, but given decent going and a field of round about thirty runners, I think in the future we can expect about half of them to complete the course.

Young Mervyn Jones is a sergeant in the Royal Air Force. I wonder what the odds are against a soldier winning the Derby. I was very impressed with the confident way Jones rode his mount home. From the moment he took the lead from MacMoffat after jumping the last fence he put his whip down and rode his horse home with his hands. I have never seen a horse finish more like an out and out stayer than did Bogskar. The loose horse did MacMoffat no good, but from the way Bogskar finished, I think the best horse at the weights won the Grand National of 1940.

O. G.



Roole, Dublin

AT LEOPARDSTOWN: LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR JAMES AND LADY HARTIGAN

Sir James Hartigan entered the R.A.M.C. in 1899, was Director-General Army Medical Service at the War Office from 1934 to 1938. He was appointed an Honorary Physician to King George V in 1927

to follow suit; the market invariably tells them when he really fancies one. The purists are all for the man who only races the horses he breeds himself, while those who breed to sell at public auction naturally have a preference for the man or woman who buys all his horses at the yearling sales. My own ideal owner is the man who was born and bred with horses and who loves them, and is never so happy as when he's pottering about his yard, superintending or perhaps doing himself the thousand and one jobs which are always waiting to be done in a racing stable. His string is not a large one and he himself is the trainer. When his friends suggest that he might do better by sending his horses to a fashionable trainer he answers that perhaps he might, but the fun of the adventure would be lost, and he is



Roole, Dublin

ANOTHER PICTURE FROM LEOPARDSTOWN

Mr. G. Mullan, well known in the ranks of Irish owners, and Lady Milton, who has recently been in the wars hunting with The Ward. She is the daughter-in-law of Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam, and was formerly Miss Olive Plunkett

"BOGSKAR'S" GRAND NATIONAL —AND SOME WHO SAW IT



MR. PAT AND LADY ALEXANDRA BEASLEY,
MRS. HAROLD CAYZER, MRS. NICHOLAS
CAYZER AND MAJOR CAYZER

This much-interested group includes the famous jockey who married Lord Wilton's sister



"BOGSKAR" RETURNS IN TRIUMPH (MERVYN JONES UP)

The owner, Lord Stalbridge, is not leading in the horse who put up such a really grand performance



LORD LEVERHULME AND THE
HON. MRS. WETHERLEY

A good price—for the lucky who had the inspiration from Gatwick to take it—a really good steed winning it and an owner who is as popular in the between-the-flags arena of sport as he has ever been in that other one—foxchasing. Lord Stalbridge, who, as will be noted, kept out of the camera's line of fire, has proved himself as good a trainer of a jumper as he is a huntsman and a bold man over any kind of country



MRS. J. V. RANK AND MR. HARRY BROWN
The famous lady owner and her husband's racing manager

(BELOW) I. ALDER ("MACMOFFAT'S" JOCKEY),
J. BISSILL, LADY MOUNTCARRET, MRS.
JAMES DENNIS AND LADY JEAN CHRISTIE



MISS MOLLY DUPREE AND THE
HON. W. J. MCGOWAN

It is a bit redundant to say that celebrities were in mass formation at Aintree to see "Bogskar" win, but one in particular it would be a crime not to single out—gallant Harry Brown, who manages Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Rank's horses. Speaking under correction, he is the only man who has finished second in the National with a broken collar-bone. This was in "Shaun Spadah's" year. "The Bore" fell at the last one. H. B. got aboard again, at once



WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Queen Alexandra

THE private life of a married woman is almost negligible if you exclude her husband; or make him merely a negligible figure. Early romances are all much of a muchness. The real story begins when romance has to readjust itself to the idea of friendship, going forward or floundering according to character and circumstance. Consequently, when I began to read Hans Roger Madol's "Private Life of Queen Alexandra" (Hutchinson; 8s. 3d.), I expected more than the title fulfilled; or rather, the title promised me more information than the contents realised. For this is the interesting, but quite uncritical, story

though not half so vexatious as having to make those tiresome ends meet when Time, for good or ill, has moulded that character finally, or thereabouts, and you are old. In her childhood there seemed scarcely any likelihood that Queen Alexandra's father would ever succeed to the throne of Denmark. Meanwhile, there was only an impressive family position and an officer's pay to keep it up on. But fate—a very kindly fate this time—soon began to deal the cards; though—well, who shall say that this was not kindly too?—her father, then merely Prince Christian, had tentatively courted the young Queen Victoria but had been forestalled by the equally handsome Prince Albert. It appears, however, that his heart remained unbroken—in fact, it was soon consoled by marriage to Louisa of Schleswig-Holstein-Glücksburg. Which perhaps explains why Queen Victoria never really liked good Queen Louisa; which otherwise was strange, because Queen Alexandra's mother must have been a delightful lady; delightful also as a companion—deaf as a post though she was.

The romance between the very youthful Princess Alexandra and our then Prince of Wales is already so well known that it is unnecessary to describe it, and Mr. Madol adds nothing to our knowledge. In fact, he adds very little to our knowledge all the way through his book—once you have read, say, the memoirs of Princess Daisy of Fless. But that does not prevent the story from being charmingly re-readable. But I often wish that someone with a keen, somewhat ironical sense of humour would

life scarcely bears dwelling upon. Yet she never once shirked her duty as Queen or Queen-Mother, and she never became embittered. No wonder she was loved and respected. Nothing in her that was good and kind and gracious was façade. She must also have had a remarkable capacity for friendship. This capacity helped her to weather so many storms—or what might have developed into storms had she been the ordinary, self-infatuated female—in her purely private life. She had innate tactfulness, which is the offspring of sympathy and understanding. Queen Victoria adored her—surely a triumph of tactfulness on the part of a daughter-in-law younger, lovelier and infinitely more universally popular.

Mr. Madol, who, while writing his book, has had access to much inside information not previously published—though none of it is very important—brings his story of Queen Alexandra right up to the moment when she had practically retired to Sandringham for good; there to live out in peace, surrounded by the love and devotion which all through her long life she had so deservedly won, the last few years of her life. Until, in fact, the day dawned when "there lay Alexandra in tranquil repose, a few pink carnations strewn on the white coverlet of her bed." Yet one likes to remember her best when she was young and so full of fun; when, for example, fate gave her a few brief moments of being no longer officially obliged to be a Queen, and she and her mother, Queen Louisa, and her sister enjoyed some days in Paris purely incognito.

About this visit let me quote a rather amusing story included in the book: "It was tremendous fun to explore Paris quite incognito, accompanied only by a young A.D.C. from her mother's Court, a special friend of her youngest brother, Valdemar.



MRS. RONALD CROSS AND HER PORTRAIT

The current show at the Lefevre Galleries is of works by Colin Colahan, Melbourne-born artist who started life as a cartoonist, succeeding David Low on the *Sydney Bulletin* before coming to Paris to study serious painting. One of his pictures in the show is a portrait of Mrs. Ronald Cross, wife of the Minister of Economic Warfare, here seen with its original wearing the clothes in which she was painted

of a very beautiful, very gracious, very kindly woman: little else beside. Personally, I only saw Queen Alexandra after her youthful beauty had passed away, but the graciousness remained and her innate kindness was, so to speak, written large in every look and gesture. But beautiful she must have been, and this quite apart from the beauty which is so often inseparable from Queens. Everybody paid tribute to it—painters, artists, statesmen; more remarkable than these—other women, even other rival beauties.

But beauty, with nothing beautiful to back it up, can soon become a boring exhibition, once the first sensation has passed. Every tribute to Queen Alexandra, however, testifies to the charm of her nature, and the most valuable tributes come from those who knew her best; knew her in the close intimacy of her domestic life—a real tribute not invariably given even to heroes.

Her story, of course, is well known, and comes as near to the story of Cinderella as any royal story ever has had to tell. Her early years were mostly spent with that horrid problem of making ends meet and still having to keep up an exalted position at the same time. It may be excellent training of character, but it is vexatious to the spirit, even while young, nevertheless;

describe the actual scene of those huge and surely rather unwieldy annual family gatherings which the King and Queen of Denmark gathered around them, a good time apparently being had by all—all except King Edward VII., who was frankly bored. As, perhaps, who wouldn't be, with forty to fifty relations under one roof, though only for a week? European statesmen, however, viewed these family gatherings with the gravest suspicion; but nothing seems to have come from them except perhaps another matrimonial alliance; in spite of the risk once run when the Tsar of Russia threw water—water, euphoniously speaking—over a distinguished young relative just for fun. Yet, when one looks at the photograph of one of these enormous family reunions and considers how many of the figures met tragedy and violent death later on, one forgives easily the humour which they found in horse-play.

The tragedy which this must have brought to Queen Alexandra in the twilight of her



ACTRESS, ARTIST AND PICTURED PLAYWRIGHT

Miss Edith Evans, the distinguished actress now playing with great success the title-rôle in Clemence Dane's *Cousin Muriel*, at the Globe Theatre, opened Colin Colahan's one-man show at the Lefevre Galleries, and is here seen with the artist looking at one of the two recent portraits of Bernard Shaw which are features of the exhibition

Unfortunately, the young A.D.C.'s French was far from perfect, and as the Princesses seemed quite excited about their adventure (it was the first time that Queen Louisa had done anything so unroyal as dining in a public restaurant), he felt the responsibility more than usually heavy, and this made him uncertain of himself. On

(Continued on page 90)



Vandyk

GENERAL MARIE-GUSTAVE GAMELIN: GENERALISSIMO ALLIED FORCES

A portrait very much of the moment, for it was taken when the supreme Commander of the Allied Forces on the Western Front was in London for that conference which was the immediate cause of the Goering outburst, in which he assured a doubtlessly attentive world that Germany was about to settle the war on the Western Front. Gamelin is a Joffre-trained man and had the additional advantage of having entered the Ecole de Guerre in 1899, when Foch was instructor. He passed out with honours in 1901 and after service with the XV. Corps went to Joffre's staff in 1906

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

entering the famous Café de Paris he called imperiously to the *maître d'hôtel*, 'Cabinet!'—for the French word *particulier* had entirely escaped his memory. The waiter seemed surprised, but having detected something like impatience in the stranger's voice, he led him—and the party followed—to an apartment which is known in French by the word which the A.D.C. had uttered. The young gentleman, and the Royal ladies with him, found themselves in a highly unexpected place. The A.D.C. not only blushed but made matters worse by repeating, still more impatiently, *Non, non! Cabinet—cabinet pour quatre!*"

Enchanting Fantasy

To be honest, I am just a little frightened by fantasy. I know, of course, a fairy-tale when I meet one, and so I know how mentally to deal with it. But a fantasy is much more dangerous ground; especially when the story is laid in the present. One can so easily miss the author's real intentions, or ask too many leading questions—questions which lead away from fantasy to logical facts. Nevertheless, I have just been reading a fantasy, "Portrait of Jennie" (Heinemann; 6s.), by Robert Nathan, which is so utterly charming that I am more than

though she informed him that her parents were acrobats on tour. They parted, and he never knew who she was or where she lived, but the memory of her childish face haunted him. Moreover, the encounter seemed to bring him luck. He sold a few pictures and drawings to a famous art dealer and he was commissioned to paint pictures on the walls of a working-man's restaurant for the price of free meals. Then he met Jennie again and the friendship ripened. In the interval she had suddenly become much older, but her old-fashioned, childish charm remained. He tried to find out where her mother and father were on tour, but only discovered that the two acrobats whom she told him were her parents had been dead these many years.

Again Jennie disappeared out of his life, and again she reappeared. This time she sat to him for her portrait; but before it was finished she had vanished. Nevertheless, he completed the picture and the painting made him famous. Another gap, and when they meet again Jennie told him she was going to

a school in Europe. In the end she dies in his arms as he was rescuing her from shipwreck. That, very briefly, is the story, but, of course, it conveys nothing of the story's real enchantment. It is such a charming tale and is so charmingly told. You cannot help loving it. Loving it—in spite of the fact that, should your critical attitude resemble mine, you are never quite sure if Jennie were a real person or a visitor from another world or merely a hallucination. But you will cease to question soon enough; content to believe that the one whom you love, who loves you, may not be of this world at all, but be waiting on the Other Side—waiting, knowing that when the time comes you will both belong, by every right of loving and being loved, to each other.

From "Portrait of Jennie"

There is a sort of desperation which takes hold of a man after a while, a dreadful feeling of the world's indifference, not only to his hunger or

his pain, but to the very life which is in him."

"Friends and lovers are quick to wound, quicker than strangers, even; the heart that opens itself to the world opens itself to sorrow."

"It may be that here on earth we are not grateful enough for our ignorance and our innocence. We think that there is only one road, one direction—forward; and we accept it, and press on."

Story of a "Bad" Priest

Equally haunting, though in a different fashion—appealing to a different mood—is Graham Greene's "The Power and the Glory" (Heinemann; 8s. 3d.). The scene is laid in a State parched by the Mexican



LORD WOOLTON, THE NEW MINISTER OF FOOD

Lord Woolton's appointment in the Cabinet rearrangement has been most favourably commented upon, because it is felt on all hands that he is a round peg in a round hole, for his vast business experience is bound to be of the greatest service to the country

sun, where Communism is in power, and religion and all that appertains to religious life is hunted down, persecuted and killed. A State of utter misery and poverty and dread, where the inhabitants walk in hourly fear of their lives should the demands of the spirit once overcome the risk of discovery. The hero is a hunted priest—one wretched man against his world. A "bad" priest, too—drunken, the father of an illegitimate child, and a coward. Yet never completely lost. Discovering in the midst of the squalor and crime and terror through which he moves, that he is, nevertheless, bringing succour and comfort to others; the magic of his priesthood alone fulfilling some starved need in the hearts of the wretched human beings he lives among in his flight from persecution and violent death.

This, I say again, is a haunting story—magnificently told. You must not miss it—unless, of course, your opinion of a good novel be merely easy entertainment; then it will not suit you at all.

Thoughts from "The Power and the Glory"

There is always one moment in childhood when the door opens and lets the future in."

"It is one of the strange discoveries a man makes that life, however you lead it, contains moments of exhilaration."

"It is astonishing the sense of innocence that goes with sin—only the hard and careful man and the saint are free of it."



A LITERARY CHRISTENING

Barbara Cartland (Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale), with her newly-born son, Glen, and her two other children, Raine and Ian, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, just after the christening of the new arrival. Barbara Cartland is one of the rare instances of a novelist who has scored an immediate success. Her very first novel, which she wrote when she was twenty-two, ran into five editions. That was "Jigsaw"

content to remain comparatively questionless. It is the story of a poor artist and a little girl whom he met one dreary afternoon in a New York park. She was an old-fashioned little thing, dressed in out-of-date clothes, and she seemed to belong to nobody;

TWO FUNCTIONS—TWO UNIFORMS

H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent Looks
Charming in Both



H.R.H. IN THE UNIFORM OF A COMMANDANT
OF THE W.R.N.S.

When H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent visited the headquarters of the Women's Royal Naval Service at Charing Cross she was wearing a Commandant's uniform for the first time, and when she went to Dingley Hall, Market Harborough, to inspect this training home for nurses, that of the Lady Superintendent in Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade in Wales. Another of H.R.H.'s recent engagements has been the opening of the Nursing Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster. Dingley used to be the home of the Downe family and is being lent by Mr. Bertram Currie for its present purpose.



H.R.H. IN THE UNIFORM OF LADY SUPERINTENDENT-IN-CHIEF,
THE ST. JOHN AMBULANCE BRIGADE

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

WITH a view to cutting the ground from beneath the feet of the German Minister of Propaganda and his renegade No. 1, it is necessary to state that Lord Gort did not detach an Army Corps from the Western Front and put it in on the Aintree one on Grand National day. The one battalion of infantry which was there merely happened along in the ordinary course of a "rowte" march.

"BOGSKAR'S" win in the National will have been especially popular in the country which was once Sir Dick Sutton's South Quorn, for Lord Stalbridge, who owned and trained him, was a most popular Master and joint-Master of the Fernie from 1923 to 1928, and hunted hounds himself over that very strongly fenced domain, over which only a real tradesman at his job can

ashore, horses and all, from a transport. Lord Stalbridge said that he more or less mutinied, and remarked that he had been hired to be a cavalry soldier and not a blue-pencil fish. Anyway, I believe the operation was abandoned!

HE had another amusing adventure during his South and West Wilts Mastership (1911-23), when he was hunting hounds. After they had had a real good elbows-and-legs scamper and handsomely killed their fox, a most splendidly caparisoned stranger, who was out with them for the first time, came up and, pressing a coin into his hand, said: "A good hunt, huntsman! Here's a drink for you!" Lord Stalbridge touched his cap respectfully and put the tip in his pocket. Hacking home, he pulled it out, thinking it was a sovereign. It was a shilling! He told me that the best hunter he ever rode over High Leicestershire was a horse named "Sunday," and that one day he jumped ninety-six fences on him. The horse never put him down, and was one of the real sorts people only own about once in a lifetime. I hope his Lordship owns a few more "Bogskars," and many



Paterson

THE LOVAT SCOUTS ON THE MARCH

Nearest the camera is Major Lord Lovat, son of the Lord Lovat who raised this regiment during the Boer War; and with him is Lieut. Richard Allhusen, one of whose brothers married Lord and Lady Rushcliffe's younger daughter. The picture was taken somewhere in the North

congratulations upon the fine performance of the present one.

IN these trying times, when the taste exact for faultless tact does not amount to a disease, it is just possible that a really true story may help to relieve that tired feeling caused by the fog of war. It concerns a literary lady who fared forth into one of the least civilised parts of the world to collect some atmosphere for a book. She was lucky enough to be able to interview a fat and powerful cannibal chieftain.

"And is the Great Chief married?" she asked through her interpreter. After saying something that sounded like "Bobbly wobbly bubbly-squeaky" to the chief, the interpreter replied:

"Big Chief say lika' hell 'e married—two ondered, t'ree ondered, four ondered wife. Big Chief doan' know and doan' care!"

"Deah me," said the lady, "how interestin'! And what do Big Chief's wives do?"

(More bobbly-wobbly stuff.)

"Big Chief say wives fight like 'ell!"

"How' terrible!" said the authoress. "Hostile, are they?"

(More bobbly.)

"Big Chief say hoss style, dog style, cat style, wives doan' care—fight like 'ell, all time fight like 'ell!"

THE bulldog, it is said, will eat anything, from trousers upwards—and British sailors are bulldogs. Landlubbers are not, and this being so, I think our well-beloved friend "Bartimeus" ought to have some compassion upon we who are not matlows when he discourses upon food in a T.B.D. in action, in a heavy sea. In one of his absorbing articles in the *Daily Sketch*, after talking about eggs and rashers and kippers

(Continued on page 14)



Holloway

WITH THE PYTCHLEY ONE FINE HUNTING MORNING

The place was Cottesbrooke, and the two charming people are Mrs. Peter Wiggin, a daughter-in-law of the late Brig.-General E. A. Wiggin and of Mrs. Wiggin, and (mounted) the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy, the elder of Lord Hindlip's two sisters

travel with any great degree of comfort. I feel a small personal connection with this win, because the last time that I broke a collar-bone it was riding one of the noble Master's horses, and the cause was the second lot of newish ash-rails! It is rather a link with the present occasion. Lord Stalbridge used to be in the regiment called "The Chambermaids"—14th Hussars—and was always a cracking good man to go, as also was his son, the late Hugh Stalbridge, who rode in at least one Grand National. "Bogskar's" owner has, as all good M.F.H.s should have, a keen sense of humour, and once upon a time, when he was a horse soldier, he said his regiment was invited to practise a landing operation by swimming



Abery

A CHRISTENING IN WALES

The principal character was Camilla Audréy, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Bellville, who have also with them their son Jeremy and their other daughter, Belinda. The place was St. Cewydd's Parish Church, Aberedw



THREE SUPPORTERS

The Marchioness of Northampton is a local leader of the W.V.S. which is running the Reading Services Club. With her are Captain Norman Railing, Grenadier Guards, and Major Kyle Henney



SNOOKER PLAYERS

These four guests at the Club's opening party are about to try a snooker table. They are Volunteer Madeleine Lank, Colonel W. Sharp, Volunteer Phyllis Robins and Captain F. H. Y. Keighley



BRIGADIER WILKINSON AND COLONEL GRIFFITHS

A worthy enterprise for any municipality is that which Reading has just brought to fruition with the opening by Brigadier Wilkinson of the town's Services Club, provided by the generosity and hard work of local firms and residents for the recreation of members of the Forces who may find themselves in the neighbourhood. Thanks were given to the people of Reading in a speech by Brigadier Wilkinson. Another speech of thanks on behalf of the Army was made by Colonel L. Griffiths, representing General Sir Bertie Fisher, G.O.C.-in-C., Aldershot Command. This appreciation of constructive generosity is certain to be echoed by all ranks



THE MAYOR

Mr. W. E. C. McIlroy, Mayor of Reading, has been one of the chief factors in the creation of the Club, enlisting the support of many local firms

(RIGHT) CHIEF CONSTABLE

Mr. T. A. Burrows, Reading's Chief Constable, was one of the inaugural tea-drinkers at the Club canteen. He was served by Miss Anderson, W.V.S., a regular helper in the canteen



TWO HARD WORKERS

Two of the people who were most energetic in getting the Club going are now running it. They are Mrs. Norman Railing, of the W.V.S., who is Lord Hirst's niece, and Mrs. G. C. Usher, of the V.A.D.s, a South Coast sailing enthusiast



“JEANNIE” AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

By ALAN BOTT

MISS BARBARA MULLEN, as you may have heard, is the latest Young White Hope of the English stage.

There have been several such in recent years, largely because of the dearth in new actresses of special consequence ever since Miss Peggy Ashcroft took up with Chekov and John Gielgud. Usually, the most promising among them have been “tense” in manner, and have been praised for their sad silences. Miss Mullen is a racehorse of another colour. She is natural, spontaneous,

through an Hotel Splendide. He can hardly be the Prince, what with his Yorkshire accent, his middle-aged spread and his propensity for the wrong kind of blondes. So here, picking her up when the English widower has dropped her for a Viennese blonde, is the next best thing to a Prince: a Count with a monocle, a fine technique with cigarette-holders and a fetching line of talk about the Schloss he would have owned but for the so-sad Austrian times. So she learns to powder her nose, and he leads her to expensive restaurants and dressmakers, at her own expense.

One week later, as she sits at midnight in silver slippers and a luscious dress, over their favourite supper of Caviare, Mousse, Poussin, Pêche Melba and Cliquot '29, she consents to be his Countess. Only, he expects her to buy back the family Schloss; whereas her little £200 has been spent in the week, except for the return ticket. So it's back to the washtub again, Jeannie, as drudge to another dour, mean, grumbling native of Scotland. But rat-a-tat! Here comes the purposeful widower, having sought her high and low. He is a prince of men after all, as shown in the Marigolden ending. Were it not for his North Country accent, you might shut your eyes and, remembering the young Hilda Trevelyan in *What Every*



EVERSO AUSTRIAN: ALBERT LIEVEN AND
TATIANA LIEVEN



INNOCENCE ABROAD: ERIC PORTMAN
AND BARBARA MULLEN



EVERSO SCOTTISH: JAMES WOODBURN AS
THE MISERLY FATHER

her features, and there is a vocal range to match. Little notes of pathos, little fleeting smiles, titivate the spinster, through her joys and trials. Yes, Miss Mullen is a delightful original. It now remains to be seen whether she will shine as brightly in plays that go further and aim higher.

Mr. Eric Portman, always the good character-actor, does well by Yorkshire and very well by the knowledgeable Englishman in foreign parts. Mr. Albert Lieven deftly applies all the polish that any impoverished Count could use when selling pity to a woman. If I am ever again tempted in Vienna, I should like it to be by somebody with grace and sparkle like Miss Tatiana Lieven's. And I hope to goodness I never meet a domestic tyrant as grim as these by Miss Beatrix Feilden-Kaye and Mr. James Woodburn.

able to bubble with talk, laughter or small pathos, as the occasion requires. At least, that is the impression her Jeannie creates: it may be that she could tie herself as well in sorrowful knots if they put her in Chekov and she wanted to go to Moscow. Meanwhile, *Jeannie* (by Miss Aimée Stuart) is a nice, simple play that might have been (but was not) written for the particular purpose of Miss Mullen's remarkable talent for displaying surface emotions.

You see her first in a Scottish townlet, washing sheets as daughter to a dour, mean, grumbling father. Instead of the Ugly Sisters, there are two not-so-ugly cousins, neither of whom will house her when the father has died. Still, she has £200, and goes off to Vienna with an unusually shiny nose, to hear the beautiful “Blue Danube” played at its source. So you meet her as an innocent abroad, being helped by an English widower who treats her to champagne and smooths her way

Woman Knows, expect him to say, “Ay, ye've got charm!”

The reminiscent notes come from the play, not the player. Miss Mullen is an original and entirely herself. She has a marvellously mobile face: one that can aptly register any urge or feeling, and hold it for as long as needed. It is not a plastic face as used by the imitators of this and that film-star. She doesn't knead it: part of the effect comes from eye-stuff, and the rest seems to come from within. Just as a great comedian literally makes faces, she makes expressions. Frustration, wonder, excitement, ecstasy, rapture, misery, longing, pride: these chase each other across



EVERSO HEAD WAITER: LEO DE POKORNY



JESSICA TANDY: CORDELIA IN THE OLD VIC "KING LEAR"

Yvonne Gregory, Dover Street

John Gielgud, hailed by many as the greatest Shakespearean actor of our time, has now taken upon himself the most monumentally difficult of all Shakespearean parts and is playing Lear in Lewis Casson's production of the play which opened at the Old Vic on April 15. As Cordelia he has Jessica Tandy, who some years ago was a brilliant Ophelia in his production of *Hamlet* at the New Theatre, and others in an unusually strong cast are Nicholas Hannen, Robert Harris, Harcourt Williams, Stephen Haggard, Jack Hawkins, Cathleen Nesbitt and Fay Compton



SIR BASIL AND LADY GOULDING

He was a Double Blue in Oxford days and is Ireland's present squash champion

A DUBLIN BALL IN' AID— —OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS



TWO MORE SUPPORTERS: MISS ARBELL MACKINTOSH AND MR. H. WYNDHAM

The lady is a niece of the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Wyndham is on leave from his Yeomanry unit

MAJOR TOMMY KIRKWOOD AND NIECE,
MISS PHEBE KIRKWOOD

This ball, which was held at that excellent caravanserai, the Royal Hibernian Hotel, in Dublin's fair city, was in aid of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society which sprang into being during the last Great War and has done noble work in the way of assisting the dependents of the slain and any others connected with the Fighting Forces who may be in any kind of trouble. The date picked for this ball clashed with the one settled on by the Kilkenny for their hunt ball, so the fox-hunters sportingly scrapped their fixture and moved up in mass formation, headed by the M.F.H., Major Dermot McCalmont, in support of this good cause. The information from the Dublin front is that it was one of

MR. ERIC KERR AND THE
HON. PATIENCE FRENCH

In an interval in the proceedings. Miss French is a sister of Lord de Freyne

MISS MOLLIE O'ROURKE, M.F.H.,
AND COUNT TAAFFE

Miss O'Rourke is the first woman Master of that famous pack, the Blazers, and took on the mastership in succession to Mr. Bowis Daly and Major F. Carr, who used formerly to be so well known with the Albrighton



Photos: Poole, Dublin

MR. DENNIS O'ROURKE AND
MISS PHYLLIDA MCGILLICUDDY

the best ever and this connotes that the financial result was also excellent. As may be noted by anyone who knows Ireland, the occasion was graced by a large number of personages in the world of sport, which, by the same token, really means all Ireland. As to a few polite remarks, Sir Basil Goulding and his lady, a daughter of Sir Walter Monckton, our Press Censor at the M.O.I., escaped being a war bride and bridegroom by a few days only. Not to know Tommy Kirkwood is to argue yourself unknown. He is the king-pin of Irish polo, and his brother, Major C. Kirkwood, is also a good exponent of that rapid and exciting game.

CANADA'S
NEW
GOVERNOR-
GENERAL AND
HIS CONSORT:
H.R.H.
PRINCESS ALICE,
COUNTESS
OF ATHLONE,
AND
THE EARL OF
ATHLONE



IN THE GARDENS AT BRANTRIDGE PARK, BALCOMBE, SUSSEX

It was only the incidence of the war which was called "Great" in 1914 that prevented the Earl of Athlone from becoming Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. It is a happy coincidence that when this present struggle against the same adversary is only a few months old, history should have repeated itself. The appointment is hailed with as great enthusiasm in Canada to-day as it was those twenty-six years ago, for the new Governor-General's personal popularity is as great as that of his greatly-loved Consort. H.R.H. Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone have been in the hearts of everyone they have met wherever they have gone, from the very first moment of contact. It was so in South Africa; it was equally so in India, whither they once went on a cold-weather visit. The same result is inevitable in the present case



WATCH AND WARD

*To Those*

*For those who go without their sleep,
For those who play an humble part,
For those who lonely vigil keep
And do it with a cheerful heart,
For them give thanks; those little wheels
That help the war machine rotate
For victory. To set the seals
Of Justice on a world of hate.
On guard they wait the morning glow,
They search the Eastern skies for light,
So drink a toast before you go
To those on guard to-night.*



BY SEA AND BY LAND AND BY AIR



On Guard

For those who man the Fishing Fleet
Or bring supplies from overseas,
For those who march with weary feet,
Let us give thanks for such as these.
For those who guard us in the air,
For those who man the ships that fight,
For those on duty everywhere
In the long watches of the night.
On guard they wait the morning glow,
They search the Eastern skies for light,
So drink a toast before you go
To those on guard to-night.



PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER—Soldiers on leave suffering from mumps, measles, colds - in - doses, chills, sprains, tummy - aches and matrimonial squabbles that have ended in what my distinguished colleague, James Agate, might euphemistically call *jeux de mains* (to which the answer is: *jeux vilains*) have kept us pretty busy on ambulance duty this week, so that the half-day-off that permitted me to attend Laure Diana's wedding-party was doubly to be appreciated. It was a joyous affair. One could hardly see the bride for smiles or the

However, I needn't have worried; having disobeyed all his vet.'s orders about what he was to eat and drink, the lumbago vanished, never again, I hope, to return. Lumbago and the trappings of a "blue devil of France" simply don't go together!

TWO eminent civilians were Reynaldo Hahn and Moro-Giafferi. I don't know what Paris would do for its music—chamber, opera-comique or otherwise—without Reynaldo, who is also a marvellous *raconteur* at a party. "Moro," that king of bright-and-busy barristers, was also at the top of his form. Versatile fella, is-not-he? Equally at home at the Assizes or the Chamber of Deputies (both spheres have much in common), and equally eloquent in his defence of the mutineers of the Winnipeg or the presentation—at a War Charity—of that ghastly film in which a blank-faced wench appeared as that magnificent, life-scarred, elderly heroine, Edith Cavell. To those

my ignorance, I was obliged to reply that, being bad at mathematics, I had never learned to count that far. Which, when once comes to think of it, is quite an answer! A new aid-to-the-combatant has been organised by Marguerite Scialtiel, who has been an active worker at the U.F.F. (*Union des Femmes de France*) since the end of last August. She has fitted up a Citroën van as an *ambulant* free lending library, and drives it to wherever it will do most good. The troops need books, and since such needs must be attended to pronto, books have been sent in vast quantities. So vast, indeed, that one is beginning to wonder where future supplies are coming from. So far, it has been all "give" and no "return." Books have vanished into this war as completely as dead flies and sparrows, whose corpses one so rarely sees. Heaven knows what has become of the hundreds of thousands of volumes that have been sent out. Hence Mlle. Scialtiel's fetch-and-carry. The little bus takes over ten thousand books at a voyage; they are dumped at various Somewheres-in-France, care of them as needs 'em! When read, they are returned to wherever they have been dumped—sometimes it is a town hall, sometimes an *estaminet*, sometimes the luggage-room of a wayside railway station. . . . A few days later the van returns, complete with driver, librarian and new books, the "returns" are collected and the outfit drives on elsewhere, having duly noted requests for the next journey. Amongst



JOSEPHINE BAKER AND THE BLUE BELLE GIRLS

The girls are British and the picture is of a scene in Josephine's new film *Un Soir d'Alerte*, all about this present war and dug-outs for air raids. In addition to doing this film, our Josephine appears every night and at three matinées at the Casino de Paris, and fills in any leisure moments playing for the troops

bridegroom for ribbons. Laure's dimpling face is the cheeriest vision I know of in these anxious times, and her husband's tunic, above the left breast, is as *bariolée* as an Impressionist sunset. Both young people have fine war records. Laure, for all she has done to entertain the troops, and Captain Drouhaut, for . . . deserving to be entertained, in the Other War as well as this one. Writing from a sartorial angle, this was a short-skirted affair. Parisiennes have moth-balled their long skirts for the time being, but Laure vows that never again will she wear accordion pleating, of kilt-length dimensions, at a public function. It was one of those March-wind, spring mornings and War regulations do not allow cars to drive into the courtyard of the *Mairie du 16-ième*. We saw more of Laure's lovely underpinnings, as she negotiated that draughty yard, than we ever have done, even during her *tour de chant*, when she sings "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" in appropriate 1900 attire. There was a really fine display of uniforms. Even my stable-mate—though suffering from lumbago, due to the last snow-swirl that followed a bout of summer weather—was in harness, and the only fly in my ointment of pleasure was the doleful wonderings that assailed me about how the ding-dong we'd ever be able to get him out of his boots.



LAURE DIANA'S MERRY WEDDING-PARTY

This is rated the jolliest thing of its kind that Paris has had since the war started. Everybody smiled or just grinned according to taste. The bride is wearing her sables and her most adorable smile, and it is regrettable that the lady with the "saucen" on her head is hiding the bridegroom's (Captain Drouhaut's) answering grin. Seated by the bride is the eminent barrister, Maître Moro-Giafferi, and at the head of the table is Reynaldo Hahn, the famous composer

of us who had the honour of knowing Miss Cavell and of living through those terrible days of 1915 in Brussels, that film was nightmarish. I have no doubt the producers meant well, but . . . oh, *mong dew*! Propaganda is a double-edged tool, isn't it?

I have been asked, by a statistic-loving bore, the number of war charity organisations that exist in Paris. To hide

these, on the first trip, were fifteen demands for Renan's "Vie de Jésus" and ten for—cookery books! Obviously there is a certain amount of loss. Volumes are mislaid or are loaned too far afield, or even, sad lapse, have served to keep the camp fires burning! But, on the whole, the *poilu* takes great care of what is lent to him. Trust him and he rarely lets you down.

PRISCILLA.

THE DOMESTIC SIDE OF OUR SOCIAL LIFE



NICHOLETTE KINDERSLEY OFF ON A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY
AT PLAW PATCH HALL



MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY AND HER SON, THE HON. JULIAN BROUGHAM



PLAW PATCH HALL, EAST GRINSTEAD,
SIR ROBERT KINDERSLEY'S SUSSEX SEAT

These home-like pictures in a warring world are a bit of a relief when no one seems to be able to see or talk about anything but bloody war. Mrs. Philip Kindersley married, as her second husband, Sir Robert Kindersley's younger son, now, like most of them, away soldiering. All these photographs were taken inside and out of Sir Robert's attractive Sussex abode. Before her marriage to Lord Brougham in 1931, Mrs. Kindersley was Miss Violet Valerie French, younger daughter of the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. French, he being the only brother of the present Earl of Ypres. The Hon. Julian Brougham is her son by the first marriage and is heir to the title. Nicholette Kindersley is just eleven months old and still, therefore, a bit addicted to an all-fours method of progression

Photos.: Swatche



MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY AND ANOTHER PICTURE OF THE ATTRACTIVE NICHOLETTE

SALMON-FISHING ON BLACKWATER AND USK



LORD HARTINGTON SEEKS OUT SALMON
ON THE BLACKWATER

WATERS
OF EIRE

The neutrality of Eireann waters evidently does not extend to salmon, and the season being with us, aggressive wars against the fish are in full swing, nowhere more than on that very fine salmon river, the Blackwater, where Lord Hartington, the Duke of Devonshire's heir, was caught by the camera while fishing at Careysville, near Fermoy. On the same river Major and Mrs. Hirsch, he on short leave from his regiment, were snapped at the Ballyhooley stretch in County Cork



MAJOR AND MRS. HIRSCH FISHING THE
BALLYHOOLEY STRETCH



ON THE USK AT ABERGAVENNY:
CAPTAIN T. L. EDWARDS AND
(BEHIND) MR. G. BRAND



ON THE USK AT USK, MONMOUTHSHIRE:
MR. C. R. LUNDIE, MR. LIONEL SWEET
AND MR. W. H. THOMAS

Quite a gallery of fishing celebrities were gathered by our photographer on a recent

visit to the River Usk, from which so many fine fish have come. Among them, Captain T. L. Edwards, who was fishing Sir Harry Tate's stretch at Abergavenny, holds the world's professional fly-casting championship and won eight events at the Ranelagh fly-casting tournament last year; Mr. Lionel Sweet has for the past four years held the European amateur salmon-fly distance championship, and Mr. W. H. Thomas, winner of the British accuracy championship in 1937, holds the record (50 lb.) for salmon caught on the River Aurland in Norway. Mr. C. R. Lundie is a star performer in another field of sport, having been four times Welsh amateur sprint champion



MR. R. KENDRICK SCOTT, HOLDING A
18-POUNDER LANDED ON HIS STRETCH OF THE
USK, AND MR. C. SALISBURY

Truman Howell

SERVICE UNITS—No. 28



No. — GROUP, ROYAL AIR FORCE: By "MEL"

The Air Officer Commanding this particular group, Air Vice-Marshal William Lawrie Welsh, not only knows all about the scrapping side of things, but is a specialist in the supply and organisation departments, for he has had a good deal of experience at the Air Ministry. Lord Willoughby de Broke, former Master of the Warwickshire Hounds, has been up in the air so many times on a thing with four legs that flying naturally comes easy to him. He used to be a 17th Lancer. The new Duke of Hamilton needs no introduction to anyone who knows anything about hard punching, either on the ground or in the air

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A COMMANDING OFFICER, who takes a fatherly interest in his men, sent for a certain private and gave him a word of admonition.

"Times are difficult at home," he said, "and most of us are trying to send a little extra money to our wives. I notice that you are not doing so."

"If you think it would help, sir," was the reply, "I'll certainly send her a few shillings each week. But, as a matter of fact, she is already drawing £3500 a year from the estate."

A recruit reported sick and complained to the Medical Officer that he couldn't eat. The M.O. first inspected his teeth and tongue, then his throat and tonsils. Finding nothing wrong, he prodded the lad in the stomach and back and asked him if he had any pain at all.

"No, sir," said the recruit.

"Well, I can't find anything wrong," replied the M.O. "How do you feel yourself?"

"Oh, fine, sir."

"Well, why on earth can't you eat?"

"I've lost my knife and fork."

AN old farmer caught one of his men stealing wheat, and dismissed him at once.

The vicar heard of the matter, and called on the farmer to plead for another chance to be given to the offender. At the end of an eloquent appeal on the man's behalf, he said: "Remember that we are told in the Scriptures 'If a man smites thee on one cheek, turn him the other also.'"

The old farmer snorted. "That's just what I did," he replied firmly. "He stole my wheat, so I gave him the sack."

"YOU can't pass this way, sir," said the country policeman. "I've orders to turn back all cars that come along this road."

"But I'm the Chief Constable," declared the motorist.

"Sorry, sir, I didn't know. I got orders to let no traffic through because of the rotten bridge, but seeing it's you, sir, it's a pleasure. Go right ahead."

THESE "howlers" were taken from an American paper:

Goitre is a kind of banjo, only harder to play.

A lawsuit is the uniform worn by a policeman.

"Divers diseases" probably means water on the brain.

A bibulous man is one who quotes freely from the Scriptures.

An ibex is the back of a book where you look for things you can't find.

Lions live on the borders of the desert.

THEY met with a terrific crash in the black-out. The man was all apologies as he helped her to her feet.

"I'm so dreadfully sorry," he said.

"I really didn't see you at all."

"Never mind all that," snapped she.

"Will you please tell me which way I was facing before I was knocked down?"

THE elderly lady gushed: "Professor, you must share my joy—yesterday I became a grandmother."

He, being the traditional absent-minded professor, replied: "My heartiest congratulations . . . and on your feet again to-day! What a marvellous constitution!"

AN old farmer, who had been tortured by a nagging tooth, decided to go to town and have the offending molar extracted. When he was seated in the chair, the dentist enquired: "Will you have gas?"

"Noa," replied the old man. "I don't think so. Ye see, we doan't go in for gas in our village. Ye'd better give me paraffin!"

"BUT how did you come to get so completely intoxicated?" asked the magistrate.

"I got into bad company, your Honour," replied the delinquent. "You see, there were four of us. I had a bottle of whisky—and the other three were teetotallers."

JONES had decided to buy a car, so his wife started taking driving lessons.

"The hand-lever on this car brakes the rear wheels only," said the instructor, "and the foot-pedal brakes all four wheels."

"But," replied Mrs. Jones doubtfully, "I'd rather have none of them broken."

A small evacuee was walking along a country lane, and a cow was ambling towards her, followed by a farmer.

"Turn cow into gate," shouted the farmer.

"I can't," replied the little girl. "I'm an evacuee, not a fairy."

THE young recruit, remembering his mother's advice always to be polite, displayed his best manners in the mess by quietly asking, "Please pass the salt."

Several times he repeated the request, until at last, losing his patience, he bellowed: "Hi! Ain't none of you knock-kneed, hen-brained perishers got enough manners to pass the salt?"

"Oh, crumbs!" said a quiet voice. "Why on earth couldn't you have said that at first? 'Ere—catch!"

TWO house decorators were hard at work, and as they toiled they discussed the cause of all the bother.

"He's a fearful chap," said the paper-hanger. "Look at his cruelty to the Jews and now the Poles."

"Yes," replied the painter. "It's pretty bad, but, you know, something worse is bothering me."

"Oh, what's that?"

"Just think what a disgrace he is to our profession!"

THE air-raid warden stopped a man who was walking along Piccadilly smoking an after-dinner cigar.

"Put out that cigar!" he said.

"But it isn't showing any light," objected the smoker.

"I know that," replied the warden. "It's the smell I'm worrying about. I'm afraid some of the boys will give the gas alarm."

"MUMMY, did God make elephants?" asked six-year-old John.

"Yes, John," replied his mother.

"And did He make flies, too?"

"Yes, of course, dear."

A short pause. Then:

"Fiddling work, making flies after elephants!"



"FOURTH FLOOR—ERMINE WRAPS, MINK COATS, JEWELLERY, NÉGLIGÉS—WATCH YOUR STEP!"



MORE UNTER-SEE FRIGHTFULNESS

BY A. K. MACDONALD

SNOWY WHITE'S BLACKOUT

By JOHN GRAY

THE three chief mourners at Snowy White's funeral were his mother, Tom Price and Bob Mander. There was a scattering of other mourners too, mostly fellows who had been friends of Snowy. These were dressed as Snowy had dressed, up-to-date and smart, contrasting with Price and Mander, who stood each side of Emily White.

A cold grey mist bleared the afternoon as the group stood round the open grave, and the sun was like a frosted orange just above the cemetery church. It slipped down the sky behind the belfry spire as the priest read the Burial Service:

"Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live . . ."

Mander was thinking. . . . Snowy's time was short. . . . Dead and buried before he's thirty. . . .

Price and Mander were both old soldiers. They had been with Snowy's father in France. Just before they left him on the road from Mons to Ypres, when the grim, grey waves were advancing but a blazing mile beyond; just before he breathed his last and stiffened in the mud, the two had huskily promised him to take care of his wife and son. In his hand they had left a photograph signed "Emily, with my heart." On his face they had laid a screen of straw to hide the glassy eyes. That was the last they had seen of him. For them both it was yesterday.

The two men for more than twenty years had watched over Emily White and her son. They had seen the baby grow through boyhood and on to adolescence. They had watched him meet early manhood. Now they were burying him.

Emily White was not crying now. Her tears for a time had been shed. Snowy had been the meaning of life for her. His going had left her staggering. It was as though she'd been suddenly struck a blow and hadn't yet regained her breath. Snowy, with his mop of ash-white hair and grey eyes which were always laughing, the son she had treasured for twenty-five years, had lost his life in the blackout. . . . She never saw the priest before her. She only saw her son. She never heard the mumbled prayer over the open grave:

"Earth to earth," the priest was droning, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust . . ." Then the living had buried their dead, and the two men led the widow away.

Back at 10a, College Cross, off King Street, Edmonton, where Emily White had lived her long widowhood and where she had come first as a bride, Tom Price made and poured her a strong cup of tea. She took it with gratitude.

"What would I do without you, Tom?" Her tired eyes tried to give him a smile. "Both of you have been so good to me since—since Bill went," she managed to end.

"We promised Bill—out there in France. We're only keeping our promise, Emily." Tom Price spoke for the both of them. He went on: "Lie down for a bit. Bob and I can look after ourselves, and a rest will do you good."

"Perhaps I will," the widow said wearily. "For an hour, then I'll cook you a meal."

"She's feeling it badly," Mander began, when the two men were left alone. "It's going to take some getting over. Snowy was all she had."

"But she will get over it," the other said slowly, as he filled his pipe. "I shall spend the rest of my life, Bob, helping her get over it."

"I wish I was nearer. I can't help much, except financially. You're living here with her, right on the spot, but me, I'm miles away." Mander's work had taken him away up North. He was seldom in London now. He had come up for the funeral on receiving Tom's letter: "Come up. We're all she's got left."

Tom Price had lived at 10a, College Cross now for half-a-dozen years. His work was the other side of London, but he lodged there to help the widow. Snowy was always in and out of work, and her pension was very small.

The promise Price had made to his dying mate during the retreat from Mons was a sacred dedication that domineered his life. The bunch of shrapnel that had caught Bill White full force upon his head might well have ended his own life too. They had been tramping side-by-side. Mander had been on a bit in front, helping another mud-caked comrade. Those moments were with him always. The years couldn't close the gap.

"Look . . . after . . . my wife and . . . son, Tom. You . . . and Bob. . . . Look after . . . them . . ."

Both men would always hear their comrade fighting for those final words, while overhead "Jack Johnsons" whined, and the red sun burned like a brazier. In the distance, grey waves of enemy hordes were looting and shooting on, scarring a path of fire and blood across the stricken countryside.

"How long since you last saw Snowy, Bob?" Tom Price asked the question. His eyes were on the other as he waited for reply.

"I've not been South since the Coronation. That's two or three years ago. Snowy had just turned twenty-five. I won't forget *that* birthday-party! Whisky! I've never seen so much! There must have been two dozen bottles!"

Mander laughed lightly, remembering; but the other's face was grave.

"It was about that time," he said slowly, "when I first began to realise things. Didn't you ever wonder, Bob, where all that whisky came from? The old lady couldn't afford to buy one bottle; nor could Snowy, come to that."

It was Bob Mander's turn to look serious. "Well, I suppose I did wonder—vaguely. Then I must have decided that some of Snowy's pals brought the stuff along."

"They brought it along all right," returned Price. "It's a wonder they didn't all land in Borstal."

The other held his pipe away from his mouth: "You mean they pinched the stuff?"

Tom Price nodded: "And Snowy planned it. He'd been planning ever since."

Tom Price, before continuing, rose from his chair and tiptoed to the bedroom door. From within came the sound of soft, regular breathing. He returned to the kitchen again.

"I wanted to make sure that Emily slept. What I've to say is between you and me." Then he was telling the other of the life Snowy White had led.

"For two years I have been in his confidence. He talked to me because I couldn't tell. He knew I'd never let his mother know that her son was a cheap little crook. He would boast about his petty crimes as though they were clever and noble. He and his pals—'My gang' he called them—took anything they could get their hands on. Articles left in stationary cars, and cars too, when they wanted to use one. The takings of little side-street shops—mostly shops run by old ladies—windows full of furs or watches or rings which they'd sell for next to nothing; while handbags and parcels from women they seemed to be snatching all day long. (Continued on page 116)



THE "ALTMARK" FILMED

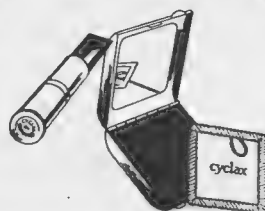
The Battle of the River Plate and the gallant rescue by the *Cossack* of the *Altmark's* captives are re-created in the British naval film *For Freedom*, which had its premiere at the Gaumont Cinema, Haymarket, on April 15. Among those appearing in the film are officers and men who actually took part in the Battle of the Plate and others who were prisoners on the *Altmark*. In the scene above, Captain Dahl, of the *Altmark*, well guarded by armed German sailors, tells his captives that he cannot drop them off at a German colony, because Germany has no colonies—yet

p e t a l .

f r e s h

English Rose

L I P S T I C K



A fragile nuance by Cyclax of London to chime with the pastel and floral tones of fashion's Spring decree

LIPSTICK 5/6

ROUGE: COMPACT 5/6. CREAM 4/6. POWDER 3/6

A N D R O U G E

Cyclax

OF LONDON



"Milk of Roses"

AN EMOLLIENT DOUBLE-DUTY

The normal English skin, already "dry" by nature, is, at this time of the year, even drier still. In this condition, a most good tempered skin will tend too readily to roughness and "flaking."

Soothing... Softening... Protective...

LIQUID CREAM FOR DRY SKINS

If neglected, at this time, a sensitive complexion may be spoilt for ever.

However, Cyclax "MILK OF ROSES", used regularly will remedy quickly and offset for evermore your "dry skin" problem. 4/6.

The Perfect matt-finish Powder Base

AT ALL THE BETTER SHOPS AND STORES



Stuart

OFFICERS OF AN R.A.F. FIGHTER STATION

At a good many "Somewheres" in England men like these are ready and waiting to prove the hollowness of the Reich Air Chief's boasts that the day is coming when he will lay this country waste with his aerial armada. There has been no mistake about the nature of the answer to the tentative forays which are all that have so far come of many mouthings, and there will be no mistake about the cost to Germany of any larger attempt on our shores if her leaders are fools enough to make that attempt

In this group are: (l. to r., back row) P./O.s J. L. Allen, A. Yates, C. Cookson, F./O. R. F. Hewitt, P./O. B. H. Way, F./O. R. G. H. Adams, Flt./Lieut. J. D. V. Holmes, P./O.s A. G. Powell, H. Perceval; (middle row) 2nd Lieuts. T. Wortley, L. H. D. Jones, R. Gower-Isaac, F./O.s F. L. Hossell, M. C. Pearson, T. N. Linley, P./O. D. G. Gribble, F./O. A. Hall, P./O. D. S. Ross, F./O. H. A. Bird, P./O. D. A. P. McMullen, F./O. W. Bowden, P./O.s J. D. B. McKenzie, C. F. Gray, R. E. West, 2nd Lieuts. A. H. Aldridge, D. C. Counsell; (seated) Flt.-Lieuts. R. F. G. Lea, B. J. E. Anson, G. P. Kerr (Station Adj.), Sq.-Leaders P. J. Sanders, H. G. P. Ovenden, H. M. Pearson Wing-Com. C. H. Bouchier, O.B.E., D.F.C. (Station Com.), Sq.-Leader F. White, A.S.O. F. M. Newnham, Flt.-Lieut. A. G. Malan, Sq.-Leader S. T. Meares, Flt.-Lieuts. J. H. G. D. Bugden, G. C. Tidd

New Air Minister

AN amusing sidelight is thrown on the character of Sir Samuel Hoare by a little story he told when he got back from his 1927 flight from England to India. He said that, when the news of his departure on the flight was announced, the Prime Minister remarked: "What with F.E. winning diving competitions in Madeira, and Leo Amery ski-ing in the most mountainous Alpine regions, and Sam Hoare flying to India, I feel like a circus manager whose performing fleas have escaped." I think that story is a reassuring one, for it indicates a man who has no illusions of grandeur and who can see the funny side of even the greatest undertakings—for it must be remembered that the opening of that India route was at that time an immense undertaking.

Personally, although I should have liked to have seen a young man with the gift of inspiration at the head of the Air Ministry to-day, I do not think that Sir Samuel Hoare is a bad choice. I met him often during his two previous terms of office. During one of them I was a vigorous, not to say violent, critic of some of the Air Ministry's activities, but I found Sir Samuel always ready to listen to criticism and also—what heightened my respect for him—ready to reply to it with the utmost determination.

Probably his best characteristic is that of breadth of vision in matters aeronautical. His plans for the use of airships, though doomed to disappointment, were really big; and that gigantic experiment was certainly worth while in spite of the many lives it cost. I feel that if Sir Samuel can now develop and extend that experimental and broad view on military aviation, he may be the right man in the right place.

Sir Kingsley Wood

EVEN so, I think that everybody will regret the departure from the Air Ministry of Sir Kingsley

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Wood. He was one of the most cheerful and best Air Ministers we have ever had. Why he went no one knows. Most of the papers suggested that he had been overstrained and was tired, and it is a possible answer, because he has not spared himself, and the amount of work he has got through as Air Minister is prodigious. Some said that Sir Kingsley went because there had been rumours that aircraft production was not as

good as it ought to be. Personally, I doubt this. Sir Kingsley is the finest aircraft-production man we have had. Sir Samuel Hoare will not beat him at that game.

Anyway, I know that the good wishes and the thanks of everybody in aviation will go with Sir Kingsley. The only real criticism of his régime has been the recent one which has centred on civil aviation and the treatment of the independent air-line companies. But even there I do not think that the fault lay with Sir Kingsley, and I believe he would have put matters right in the end. No man could be more skilful at adjusting things and getting people to work together and to work hard.

Last Things First

WHEN the question of getting civil aviation going is brought up, it is often said that it cannot be considered while the military requirements are so great and that first things must come first. But look at the way the country is behaving in other directions, and you will see that it is indeed difficult to think of civil aviation as so unimportant that no attention need be paid to it. While we are at war, fighting for our existence, we find one of the biggest newspapers, innumerable correspondents, several Members of Parliament, and a whole horde of busybodies, Councils, Associations and Committees expending furious energy on stamping out stage nudity.

Why they get so het-up about it is difficult to see. But I suppose the truth is that the old and hideous will always object to exhibitions of the charms of the young and beautiful. It is a natural reaction. And in England the gorgons, the desiccated dames and pallid prudes are the strongest force. If only civil aviation were a killjoy activity it would receive frantic support and Parliament would be constantly debating it. As it is, it is overlooked on the grounds that there seems to be a war on somewhere.



FOUR SPORTING AIRMEN

The R.A.F. has attracted to its ranks many notable sportsmen, and here is a quartet of them, all pilot-officers, undergoing a course for officers at a training centre. From left to right are Uberoi, the well-known Indian sportsman; Laurie Shaffie, the tennis player; Leslie Ames, Kent and England wicket-keeper and big hitter; and Dan Maskell, who, besides being himself a brilliant tennis exponent, has coached many of our foremost players of the Wimbledon game

Chesro Frocks

Trade Mark

IN TOOTAL FABRICS

REGD.

Expert cut, clever styling, unusual details give Chesro Frocks an individuality which sets them in a class apart. The materials employed make them a really practical investment. Only "TOOTAL" Fabrics are used. So you can be quite happy about their ability to wash and wear.

Chesro model EA19. Flattering princess style in "TOOTAL" Linen, effectively trimmed white harebell appliqué and harebell buttons to hem. "TOOTAL" Linen is crease-resisting and washes excellently, wash as wool, iron damp.

Chesro model EA160 in "LYSTAV," a crease-resisting rayon. Classic style, skirt pleated front and back. Revers and bodice trimmed contrast stitching. Buttons to hem with novel two-tone buttons. Will wash beautifully—wash as silk.



Chesro model EA69. Slim, princess style with unusual tailored details. Buttons to hem with diamond pattern buttons to tone. In "TOLSIL," a rayon mixture which resists creasing and washes excellently. Wash as silk.

WRITE FOR LIST OF THE NEAREST RETAILERS TO
CHESRO LTD. (Dept. IOW), 90 GT. BRIDGEWATER ST., MANCHESTER, 1

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

Autocycling

MOTOR- and pedal-bicycles are being advertised in highly respectable motoring journals, side by side with announcements by Rolls-Royce, Bentley, Austin, Wolseley, and so on. Which shows that, despite petrol rationing, people will have their personal transport, even though in the end they may be reduced to a Devonshire pony or a pair of roller-skates. And now I've been sent a list of honourable and hyphenated members of society who have taken up power-cycling. A power-cycle, officially known as an autocycle and commonly called a "Wilfred," costs round about 20 guineas and may cover as much as 140 miles on a gallon of Pool.



Pool, Dublin

MR. AND MRS. R. C. EWING—FAMOUS GOLFER AND WIFE

The snapshot was taken at the recent Leopardstown races. Mr. Ewing was the runner-up in the 1938 British Amateur Championship, and played for Great Britain in the Walker Cup in 1936 and 1938 and was a member of the Irish International team in all matches from 1934 to 1938, inclusive

It runs along at 20-30 m.p.h. and is handled or pedalled almost as easily as an ordinary cycle. As it has no gear it needs assistance on the steeper sort of hill. If you're a light weight, you may surmount gradients of 1 in 12 without pedalling. But if you scale, say, 12 stone, about 1 in 16 is the steepest hill you'll climb without assisting the machine. For this reason, if you live in a hilly district it's better to invest in a slightly more powerful motor-bike, complete with gear-box. Then you are independent of gradients.

The autocycle is ideal for short journeys in town or level country. Some are fitted with open frames so that skirted women can mount them as easily as a bicycle. If a woman prefers an ordinary diamond frame, she'd better wear slacks or a divided skirt. A married couple of my acquaintance were discussing the addition of an autocycle to their stud. They live in rather a hilly

district and came to the conclusion, when considering the location of their friends, that whereas she, being much the lighter, could use the direct and hilly road, he would have to make a long detour, owing to his extra weight. Of course, if you like a bit of pedalling, all's well. But remember, when choosing your machine, to try the riding position. Some machines afford a natural seat, which makes pedalling a pleasure, and others don't.

Driving Across the Atlantic

CURIOSITIES is the name of a film recently produced by the Ford and Pathé people. It features a tour in a "Prefect" and tells the story of many interesting roadside relics. Did you know, for example, that you can drive across the Atlantic? That was a new one on me. I cudgelled my brains: it sounded like another of those "Brush up your wits" problems. But no; apparently there's a bridge near Oban which enables you to perform this feat. Other novelties featured in the film are the Fox and Goose Inn at Fressingfield, Suffolk, which is built in the churchyard; the Crooked House, at Himley, Staffs, and the church at Brooklands, Kent, which has its steeple at its side.



Stuart

WELL-KNOWN SPORTING PERSONALITIES IN THE W.A.A.F.

On the left, Miss Betty Dix-Perkins, the well-known golfer, who is in training to be an officer; Mrs. Kirk, Commandant of this unit, county lawn tennis captain for Leicestershire and a familiar figure at Wimbledon; and the Hon. Viola Lyttelton, Lord and Lady Cobham's eldest daughter, who is also training to be an officer



A ROLLS IN DEVON

Photographed against the lovely scenery of Lee Abbey Bay, near Lynton, North Devon, this Rolls-Royce "Wraith," with a specially-designed body made by James Young of Bromley to Jack Barclay's ideas, symbolises all that is most delightful in road travel. Every conceivable refinement of coachwork and fitting is set on a chassis whose magnificent workmanship has made the name of Rolls-Royce the most famous in motoring the world over

Touring in France

AS some civilians may wish to take their cars to France, probably for reasons of health, it's worth noting that the R.A.C. can help them with the formalities. A fortnight's warning should be allowed when making application from the Passport Office for an exit permit. Customs papers can be obtained from the Club, but as the usual insurance to cover the amount of the import duty is no longer available, this must be covered by cash or banker's guarantee. Motorists leaving England must produce their identity card and ration book at the port of embarkation. At the moment, upon landing in France, they are given sufficient petrol coupons to take them to their destination and on arrival there should apply to the local authority for the basic ration of 11 gallons a month. From what I hear, the authorities are not making any difficulties in regard to people wishing to visit France. But I do advise travellers to read the regulations with the greatest care and then to conform to them to the minutest detail.

Co-ordination

THE Minister of Transport has requested the Transport Advisory Council to investigate, in the light of the last six months' experience, the better co-ordination of internal transport. As far as passenger traffic is concerned, I'm sure that still more can be done to dovetail rail and motor-coach services. For instance, the quickest way of getting from Cheltenham to London to-day is to go by coach to Oxford and train from there. The same service works excellently in the reverse way, and as the coach will pick up or set down anywhere on the road, the benefits of the scheme to those who live in the country are immense. Along this road for many months a string of lorries has been transporting bricks. Naturally, it returns empty. Only the fact that the lorries take their load from the brickyard to the site can make this schedule worth while. This service was operating in peacetime, when a load of this sort would have been more suitable for the railways, which could haul hundreds of tons of bricks in a single journey, just as they do coal.

Spring



... Lambs in the fields; the Season in tune with young life ... and a green and pleasant England inviting one to travel. Dunlop Tyres enable you to journey far with easy confidence and comfort.

DUNLOP Fort

WITH TEETH TO BITE THE ROAD



THE HIGHWAY OF

Fashion

BY M E BROOKE



THE subtle greys, the soft smoky pinks and blues and pale elusive yellows of the spring fashions have inspired Elizabeth Arden's new make-up, "Primula," which is a perfect foil to all the latest pastel harmonies. Of course, with it must be used the all-day foundation cream; it is waterproof and gives the complexion a flawless finish, which lasts throughout the day. There is an illustration of the artistic Primula outfit above. Jenners, Princes Street, Edinburgh, are showing how charming this make-up looks in conjunction with the spring fashions. There are frocks and wraps, and accessories for all occasions. The check tailored suit illustrated is a study in blue, cream, mulberry and pale green, making a harmonious ensemble, and the cost is 6½ guineas. Now there is the classic felt hat, the crown cleverly stitched, for 23s. 6d., a cashmere mulberry sweater, and stockings and shoes to tone. Again, there are the hand-sewn hogskin gloves for 15s. 9d.; they represent wonderful value, and so does the ostrich pochette, lined with moiré and fitted with attached purse and mirror



"Who is she?"

Look for the name **HERSHELLE** on the label.



Even these proud borzois themselves, in their silken coats, are not more beautiful than this lovely lady in her new spring suit! Both bolero and slim swing skirt are in navy woollen edged with pale blue to

match the short-sleeved blouse. A Hershelle model — of course

HERSHELLE models are sold by the better shops and stores everywhere. For the name of your nearest retailer, write to

H. Bernstein Ltd., Great Titchfield Street, London, W.1.



PRACTICAL, nevertheless different and becoming, are the characteristic features of Phillips' (sports and country wear) specialities. They are sold by outfitters of prestige, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application must be made to this firm at 12 Princes Street, Hanover Square, who will send the name and address of their nearest agent. On the right may be seen a suit that cannot fail to meet with success. The slacks are perfectly cut, the blouse is of linen and the neat waistcoat of corduroy

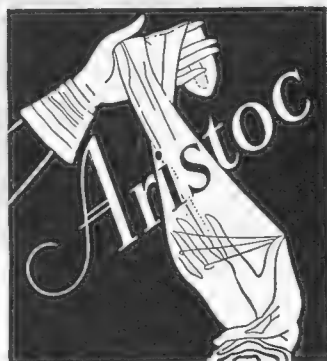
THERE is no doubt about it that the Hershelle collection is of great interest, as from a study of the same an admirable idea of the coming fashions may be obtained. They are sold individually by high-class shops. H. Bernstein, the makers thereof, would be pleased to send the name and address of their nearest agent on application to 9 Great Titchfield Street. A Hershelle model is on the left. In it is present a new alliance, brown tweed and yellow linen. The former makes the bolero and skirt, linen the blouse and facings

EVERY woman must make a point of seeing the Joyce shoes; should they not be obtainable locally, just write to Joyce, 17-18 Old Bond Street, who will send the name and address of their nearest agent. A trio of their models appears at the base of the page on the right. It is a soft glove-cape moccasin at the top of the group, particularly good for wearing with slacks. To the right is a side gusset step-in, of sturdy reversed calf with sleek calf covered platform sole and wedge heel. On the left is a shoe for town and country wear



Aristoc

THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS



Snowy White's Blackout

(Continued from page 106)

"At first I tried to reason with him, telling him he'd break his mother's heart. But he'd only laugh when I tried that strain. 'Ma'll never know,' he'd say. 'You'll never tell her and the police are fools, so what's to worry about!'"

"But I had to help him out more than once when the police were on his track. I did it for Emily's sake. Not for his. For Emily's sake and for Bill's."

Mere mention of the comrade they had left in France made for both men a crowded moment. In the silence that followed each heard again, "Look . . . after my wife . . . and . . . son. . . ." And each saw a red sky screaming with shells. A mud road red with blood.

"At first I felt it was a passing phase and that Snowy would grow out of it. That was why I didn't confide in you when you were up here last. That was why I didn't tell you where the whisky you were drinking came from."

"But he never got better. He only got worse. Often I've prayed for strength to thrash him. But he was young and in his prime, while I'm, well, I'm sixty odd. His mother worshipped the ground he trod on. What was I to do? Sooner or later the police would get him. Sooner or later she'd know."

"Then came this war. That gave me hope at first. I thought Snowy would be called to fight. If he was, I told myself, it might be the making of him. He might redeem all he'd done in the past, fighting like his father. The enemy was the same and the battlefield. Wasn't he his father's son?"

There was another silence between the men before Price went on again:

"But Snowy made it quite clear to me, although

he hoodwinked his mother, that he meant to keep out of the army 'ust as long as he possibly could.

"Only mugs go out of their turn. Time enough when I've got to go!" Then he added something that made me, Bob, mentally and physically sick: 'I want to make the best of this blackout,' he said, 'It's not going to last for ever.'

"The war seemed to bring out more rottenness from him. Maybe it wasn't his fault. He was brought up fatherless during that last four years. That might have left its mark. But his mother went on worshipping the ground he trod and I couldn't disillusion her. Bill wouldn't have wanted her hurt, Bob. I was tied. I was powerless."

"I pleaded with him. God, how I pleaded with him, to throw up the life he was leading. 'Your father died in that last war, Snowy. Doesn't that mean anything to you? He'd turn in the bloody mud of France, restless in death through shame, if he knew you were using this wartime blackout to rob women like you are.'

"He laughed and told me not to be a fool—'a melodramatic fool' were his words. He had a right to live, he said, and he'd chosen his own ways and means."

His mother would smile so proudly when she saw him looking extra smart. She thought he had a decent job and was earning regular money. She'd say to me 'Bill would be proud of Snowy!' God, it was hell, Bob. Hell!"

Bob Mander knocked his pipe out over the grate, breaking the heavy silence.

"I'd have only believed it, coming from you. And to think he's a son of Bill's. All I can say is, Tom," he added, "what's happened is for the best. Now his mother need never know. She at least has been spared."

"Yes, she's been spared," Tom Price said deliberately, a distant look dimming his eyes.

"What amazes me," the other went on, "is how he got killed in the blackout. He must have been used to the darkness doing his damnable games."

From his pocket book, Tom Price detached a cutting and handed it across to his comrade.

"That was in the papers the morning after. Not that it gives any names."

Two more pedestrians were killed last night during the blackout hours. A man and a woman were knocked down by a bus a few yards away from each other.

Mander read the cutting.

"Who was the woman?" he asked.

"Snowy had snatched at her handbag, but she held on and wouldn't let go. Then he gave it up and she staggered back under the wheels of the bus."

"Good God, Tom!" Mander rose to his feet. "But how do you know all this?"

"I was there." Price was on his feet too. "I was there—and I killed Snowy. I knocked him under the bus, Tom, a second after it killed the woman."

THE END

* * *

For the Red Cross Sale, which is to be held at Christie's in June in aid of the Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Fund, Queen Mary has sent a fine diamond and sapphire brooch; Lelia, Duchess of Westminster, a rare jade pendant with pearl and diamond *sautoir*; Lady Duveen of Millbank a gold and enamel carnet studded with diamonds and rubies; and Dr. A. R. Forsythe the original manuscript of his *Calculus of Variations*, one of the most important mathematical works of the century.

Gifts for the Red Cross Sale may be sent to the Treasurer, at 149 Park Lane, London, W.1.

Sir Courtauld Thomson has received some additional gifts for the Red Cross Sale which is to be held at Christie's in the spring.

BENTLEY

The Silent Sports Car

"From the passenger point of view it ranks with the most comfortable cars that have been tried, yet is stable to exactly the degree required of a machine to which maintained speeds between 70 and 90 m.p.h. are natural on suitable roads."

The Autocar



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15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W.1

TELEGRAMS BENSPOPT PICCY LONDON

TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 4412

PAGES FROM 'Mode'



'MODE' is a book full of beautiful photographs and drawings of all the lovely new clothes. There is a special section for "War Weddings"; pages for the home dressmaker; clothes for children; and pictures of beautiful garden furniture made of English Elm. A copy will be sent free on request. From Land's End to John o' Groats—wherever there is a postman or a pillarbox—you can shop with Jenners almost as easily as if you were in Edinburgh. When you see a pillarbox think of Jenners.

JENNERS
PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH
LIMITED



Bradleys
Chepstow
Place, W.2.

for the finest values in fine furs

More than ever before does a Bradley fur represent the finest value obtainable, for not only have the new models been made up from skins imported direct by Bradleys on very advantageous terms but orders for them are now being executed at Summer prices. Featured in the collection are many striking designs in Silver Fox, ideal for both day and evening occasions. The coat illustrated is specially priced at 39 gns., and the matching muff at 19 gns.



MISS MARION T. COULTON

Only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Coulton, of Sydenham, Kent, whose engagement is announced to Paymaster Lieutenant Alexander John St. Clair Goldie, son of Mr. A. S. Goldie

Recently Engaged

The engagement is announced between Brigadier Lionel Howard Cox, M.C. (late The Gloucestershire Regiment), youngest son of the late Dr. and Mrs. W. Cox, of Winchcombe, Gloucestershire, and Miss Sheila Field, younger daughter of Mrs. E. Field, of Challowdean, Woodside Green, and Mr. E. Field; Captain John Melior Stevens, younger son of the late Mr. Courtenay Stevens and of Mrs. Stevens, of 42 Sheffield Terrace, Kensington, and Miss Frances Anne Hely-Hutchinson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Hely-Hutchinson, of 10 Ormonde Gate,

WEDDINGS and ENGAGEMENTS

Chelsea; Paymaster Lieutenant Harold Richard Butchers, Royal Navy, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Butchers, of Witchwood, Torland Road, Hartley, Plymouth, and Miss Mary McGregor Kay (Maimie) Finlayson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Finlayson, of 50 Murrayfield Avenue, Edinburgh; Captain Richard Butler, The Gloucestershire Regiment, elder son of Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. Butler, O.B.E., and Mrs. Butler, of Glebe Cottage, Cornwood, Devon, and Miss Auriol L. Biddle, younger daughter of the late Rev. A. R. Biddle, and Mrs. Biddle, of Temple Hill, East Budleigh, Devon; Doctor B. R. Fink, Randfontein Native Hospital, Transvaal, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Fink, of Johannesburg, and Miss Rowena Margaret Shilson, daughter of the late Mr. S. G. Shilson, and Mrs. Shilson, of Heathfield,



Pearl Freeman

MR. AND MRS. NICHOLAS OSBORNE

Who were married recently. Before her marriage Mrs. Osborne was Miss Ruby Young, only daughter of Mrs. D. M. Young, 169 Queen's Gate, S.W.7, and her husband, who is in the Grenadier Guards, is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Osborne, formerly of Smithtown, Co. Meath



SECOND LIEUTENANT (R.A.) AND MRS. V. G. WESTON

Who were married recently. Before her marriage Mrs. Weston was Miss Mabel J. Blair, of Glasgow, whilst her husband is the only son of Mr. John Weston, of Glasgow. The wedding took place at Partick Parish Church

Charlbury, Oxfordshire; Mr. Donald Lucas Coutts, only son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Malcolm Coutts, Sudan Government, and of Mrs. Coutts, of 36 Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7, and Miss Betty Margaret Smith, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. Clive Smith, of Burlington Court, W.4; Mr. Guy Russell Smith, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Smith, of Pledgdon Hall, Henham, Bishop's Stortford, and Miss Ynis Mary Carr, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Carr, of 1 Bell Yard, Temple Bar, London.

'The Suzy Sailor'

Suzy twists the brim of her Sailor into a gentle, becoming curve. From the front, a lovely simple line; from the back, inspired detail of flat baroque scrolls fashioned in navy felt. Pure white Toyo straw—crisp, decisive accent for every outfit—misted over with navy veiling. Copied by Harrods in white, black or navy. 69/6

Harrods

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London SW1



TWO-PIECE COAT in Scotch woollen check, dress in novelty boucle to tone. In good colours.

PRICE 8½ GNS.

TAILOR MADE DEPT.
SECOND FLOOR

JAY'S REGENT ST., LONDON

Chic sous un
tailleur..



(Above) This attractive hand-made blouse is obtainable in all shades of silk organza or georgette. In organza 59/6 In georgette 79/6

(Left) Made in the finest organdie or georgette, this smart blouse is trimmed with drawn thread and appliqué.

In organdie 69/6 In georgette 79/6

THE WHITE HOUSE
51 NEW BOND STREET, W.1

(MAYfair 5473)



Does your
skin seem
"Acid?"

YOU may know from experience how 'Milk of Magnesia', taken internally, relieves an excess acid condition. In the very same way, these unique Beauty Creams which contain 'Milk of Magnesia' act externally on the fatty acid accumulations of the skin, overcoming unsightly faults and making your skin lovelier

DOES your skin seem "acid"? Does it look old and "thick"? Has it lost its fresh tone, its smooth firm texture? Do such blemishes as enlarged pores, oily shine, blackheads, roughness worry you? Then try the beauty-giving action of these new-type creams on your skin!

PHILLIPS' Magnesia TEXTURE CREAM. This remarkable cream is quite unlike any other cream you've used! It *is* more; it *does* more because the 'Milk of Magnesia' which it contains, counteracts the external excess fatty acid accumulations of the skin, in this way overcoming the faults of an "acid skin."

A longer-lasting foundation cream. You'll never believe how beautifully

this new-type greaseless cream takes and holds make-up, until you try it. This is because 'Milk of Magnesia' *prepares* the skin—smoothing away roughness and overcoming oiliness, so that powder goes on more evenly and adheres for hours without need of touching up!

PHILLIPS' Magnesia CLEANSING CREAM. You've never seen a cleansing cream like this! 'Milk of Magnesia' not only loosens and absorbs dirt and make-up, but penetrates the pores and neutralizes the excess acid secretions as it cleanses. Leaves your skin soft, smooth and *really* clean. Try Phillips' Magnesia Cleansing Cream just once and it will be your cleansing cream always!

From all Chemists
and Stores

PHILLIPS'
Magnesia

1/6 & 3/- a Jar
New trial size 6d.

TEXTURE CREAM  CLEANSING CREAM

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

here you are, madam . . .

If a shopkeeper asked you to take your choice—*blindfold*—you would think him mad. You would hardly go to him again. And just as it pays you to choose from a counter with your eyes open—it pays you to buy well-known and branded goods. Once the brand name is on the *outside*, you can tell what's on the *inside* of the packet.

You can be sure that a famous branded line is good. Thousands of housewives are trying it and testing it every day in every town. The brand name is there to help you buy with your eyes open, in the fullest sense. No guessing: no wondering: no chancing. But certainty!

take your choice—blindfold!

Issued by The Advertising Association



WARTIME KENNEL STAFF

With dogs at the Bonhams Close French Bulldog Kennels

It's a funny thing, dog showing has never been the fashion. Other sports are; you can bore people with racing, sicken them with golf, weary them with hunting and shooting, all to the good; but, if you mention dog showing, you are at once looked upon as a crank with rather low taste. I don't know the reason for this. Royal approbation has not been wanting; even Queen Victoria showed dogs, and Queen Alexandra always went to shows, but all in vain. Dog showing remains outside the mysterious circle of things all people who wish to appear "in it" must do. It has never been the fashion and is none the worse for that!

One has heard so many gruesome stories about evacuees that it is pleasant to hear of their being successes. Mrs. Cochran writes: "You see that in spite of the war I have increased my kennel staff! These evacuees from London are as keen as anything about the dogs and adore helping to feed and exercise them. I have reduced my kennel, and sold all the puppies I had in the autumn to excellent homes. The bitch on the extreme left is Bonhams Close Tangerine. She was doing well at shows till war came. The dog on the extreme right is Monsieur Boggs. Mrs. David gave him to me when she left for America; he is grandson of Ch. Toby, and is siring very good puppies." Mrs. Cochran is cutting down

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

her breeding operations to a minimum but her kennel is one of those which must not go. The French Bulldog is a delightful dog as companion and Mrs. Cochran says several people who have bought puppies have had the commoner breeds before and are all delighted with the Frenchman's human intelligence and understanding.

The Cavalier King Charles's Spaniel has a lot of adherents. He is an attractive little dog, larger than the usual King Charles's with a longer nose, he is quite capable of holding his own anywhere so is a favourite with people who want a handy little Spaniel, smaller than a Cocker and larger than a "Toy," which enjoys country life and walks. Mme. Trois Fontaines, in addition to her Pyreneans, has a kennel of Cavaliers and sends a photograph which includes her black and tan stud dog Banjo, and her winning bitch Snow White, white with tan ears. She usually has puppies of all three colours, black and tan, ruby, and red and white for sale. Mme. Trois Fontaines



CAVALIER KING CHARLES'S SPANIELS

Property of Mme. Trois Fontaines



SHIH TZU

Property of Miss Hutchins

has been having a hectic time as her kennelman left suddenly. Mercifully it happened while her school was having Easter holidays so she could settle things up and, as she says, "I am not afraid of work."

The Shih Tzu has only been before the public for a few years but during that time has made many friends. He is certainly not a new breed; his ancestors were sent to Pekin in the sixteenth century from Tibet as a present to the emperor. He is very hardy and full of character and his appearance most attractive, so no wonder he "caught on."

Miss Hutchins has a kennel in Ireland and has sent a photograph of some of its members. She will have some pups due next month and some will be for sale. All are well and sensibly brought up and live as members of the family. She specially asks me to say that there is no quarantine between Ireland and England and no travel difficulties as dogs are well looked after on the journey.

Dog owners who are keen to have pictures of their pets in this feature should send good, clear photographs to Miss Bruce at the address shown below. In these days when a companion of the doggy kind seems so necessary all readers can rest assured that, through Miss Bruce, they will receive only the very best attention.

All letters to: Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, near Southampton.

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skin condition.

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delicate skin you can use it for baby.

★ Ask your Innoxa Stockist to tell you also
about Innoxa Skin Food for the average adult
skin and Innoxa Tissue Cream for the
very dry skin.

Get a jar of Skin Balm from your Innoxa
stockist today . . . prices 2/- & 3/6

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THE DIARY OF A BRIGHT YOUNG

Thin

MONDAY What a shame! When
the C.O. said "The ideal A.T.S.
girl is smart and slim" she
gave Betty such a dirty look!
Had a word with the poor girl
afterwards - she said she'd
tried everything to reduce
merely upset herself. Immediately
told her about NATEX - it really
is magic stuff - so safe and
reassuring because you take it
with ordinary foods - no
wretched diets or upsetting



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ALL RIDING REQUISITES
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To Measure
Jodhpurs 28'-to 65'-
Breeches 25'-to 60'-
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Friend of the penniless, the young, the old, the sick, the friendless, the fatherless . . . The friend quietly waiting everywhere to help and cheer the unfortunate . . .
The Salvation Army.

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THE SALVATION ARMY

You CAN take it with you



THIS attractive Presenteen by Community Plate meets present demands exactly. It enables you to take your cutlery from town to country house with ease. It is light, compact, strong and holds a full service for six. It is offered at less than half the cost, plus the cost of the contents.

The design illustrated is "Hampton Court." The cost of a full service for six as illustrated, including presenteen, is £11. 18. 6. With Ivorine handled cutlery the cost is £9. 10. 6.

A catalogue of canteens in Oak and Walnut showing other attractive cutlery designs is available free, together with Joan Woolcombe's "Table Knowledge," from Community, 189 (P) Regent St., W.1

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BURBERRY KNITWEAR

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Spring models on view are in a wide range of colours and designs. Patterns and prices sent on mention of K.3.



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A New and Revolutionary All-Round PLEATED SKIRT



NO PLEATS ON HIPS

KNIFE-EDGE PLEATS THAT STAY IN

PATENT PENDING

'GONERAY'

Here it is at last . . . what skirt makers have tried to produce for years . . . a skirt with GRADUATED KNIFE EDGE PLEATS ALL ROUND which TAPER OFF INTO A SNUG FITTING HIP LINE. How delightfully slimming! And how smart! Another big advantage is that the pleats stay in when the skirt is worn, simply because there is no "pull" on them. Prices from 30/- in a variety of quality materials including authentic tartans, worsteds, tweeds and real Irish linen. Ask your draper or store to let you try on a "Koneray."

'KONERAY' PLEATED Skirts

Manufacturer:
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MEDIUM
OR MILD
PLAIN OR
CORK TIPS
10 for 7s
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Player's Please

PLAYER'S TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES AT DUTY FREE PRICES FOR MEMBERS OF THE B.E.F. ASK YOUR TOBACCONIST FOR DETAILS

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Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from page 92)

and sausages and sizzling legs of mutton, he goes on to narrate how the guns' crews had to make do with corned-beef sandwiches and the ship kicking like a commissariat mule. "Bartimeus," being a sailor, cannot know the effect such a vivid word-picture has upon even the long-shoreman. It is almost as bad as that nauseating story about the bit of fat pork tied to a piece of string. I forbear to take that story any further.

The ominous words "to finish the season" are cropping up everywhere, and I sometimes wonder if there will ever be another. Let's hope so, anyhow.

"The Avon Vale," a friend writes me, "have pulled up since I last wrote to you, in spite of the disadvantages of having the Master away almost continually and three huntsmen in a single season, and have not been going too badly of late. I watched them going off home through Neston Park (Sir Gerald Fuller's place) on Saturday and thought to myself how pretty the red coats and hounds looked against the dark trees, and how they lighten up the landscape. If some of the ignorant apes who rail against hunting in the anti-papers could see the real thing for once, I think they would alter their tune. There has been a good bit of ploughing in the



BOGSKAR'S OWNER FULL OF SMILES AT CHELTENHAM

Lord Stalbridge was looking extremely pleased with himself as well he might for it is not every day one owns and trains a Grand National winner. Some notes about Lord Stalbridge are on the first page of this article



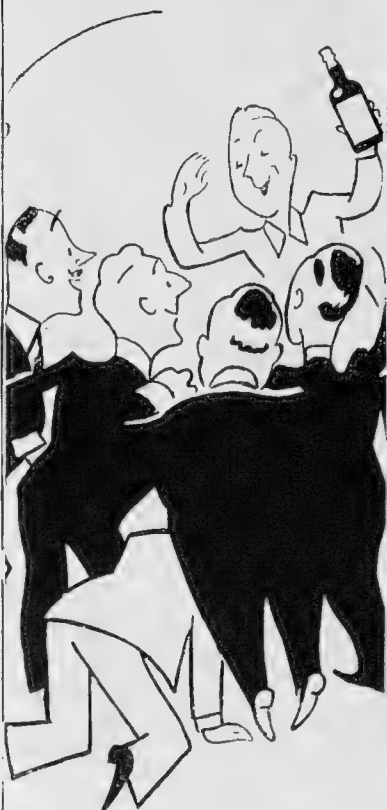
WITH THE COTSWOLD AT MARSDEN MANOR

Mr. A. A. Sidney Villar (the host) and Captain and Mrs. C. Heber-Percy, he being the Master and huntsman, and in these difficult and warlike times greatly assisted by his wife. This meet was "to finish the season"

west, not a new thing, as very many of the present grass fields were corn lands in living memory. but I doubt if the result is going to be what the Ministries imagine. Much of the wheat has been killed by the hard weather, so I am told, and work of all sorts is much behindhand. Labour also is impossible to get. After all, why should a man work seven days a week for a couple of pounds, when he can get seven or eight for unskilled work on an aerodrome or camp? What good will it be to train boys for work on the land if they are going to be up against such a problem as soon as they begin to grow up?"

It is with regret that I learn that our erudite friend, Captain von Rintelen, has found it impossible to comply with my suggestion that he should publish his recent lectures to the schools on "Secret Service in Peace and War"

(Continued on page vi)



It's worth a little insistence

You cannot always get Pimm's No. 1 everywhere. There is such a demand for this priceless nectar and there is a war-time scarcity of the rare and refreshing ingredients of which it is compounded. But if you insist—and keep on insisting—your wine merchant can get you a limited supply. You will probably find, too, that in most good bars and restaurants Pimm's No. 1 will be forthcoming for those favoured customers who are known to be satisfied only with the best.

PIMM'S

No.1 cup

THE LONG DRINK WITH A CLICK IN IT

Rodex Coats

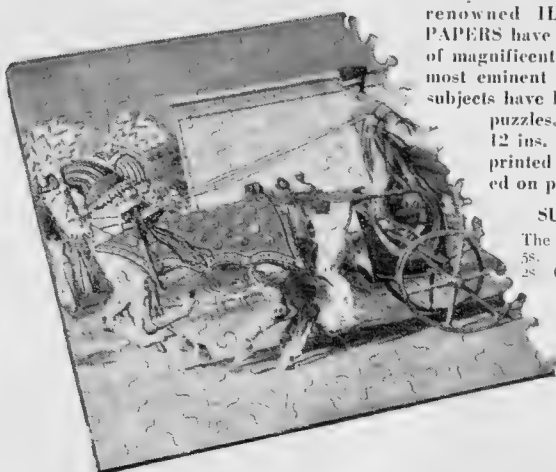
THE CHOICE OF
THE PRACTICAL
AND
DISCRIMINATING
WOMAN

Rodex maintains the quality of its fabrics and the high standard of its productions. The model illustrated is in Camel Hair or Cashmere.

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With a jig-saw in the house you have an entertaining and amusing companion always. From the pages of the world-renowned ILLUSTRATED NEWS-PAPERS have been selected a number of magnificent colour drawings by the most eminent artists of the day. The subjects have been reprinted as jig-saw puzzles, and measure 16 ins. by 12 ins. They are magnificently printed and permanently mounted on plywood cut interlocking.

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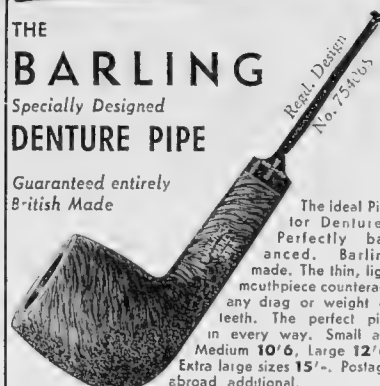
A Present from Caesar by Fortunino Matania.
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Orders with remittance should be sent to:
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The Ideal Pipe for Dentures. Perfectly balanced. Barling made. The thin, light mouthpiece counteracts any drag or weight on teeth. The perfect pipe in every way. Small and Medium 10'6, large 12'6, Extra large sizes 15'6. Postage abroad additional.

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If any difficulty in obtaining, write B. BARLING & SONS, 108 Parkway, London, N.W.1, or phone: Gulliver 4458. Est. 1812. The oldest firm of pipe makers in England.
"Producers of the World's Finest Pipes."

Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page iv)



LORD AND LADY ROBERT
INNES-KER AT NORTHOLT

Lady Robert Innes-Ker was Mrs. Marie Hadley before her marriage last year to the Duke of Roxburghe's uncle who in the last war served in the Irish Guards

in book form, because I am certain that they would be of immense interest. His publishers, however, advise against it at this juncture, and probably they are right in view of the misuse made of everything by the enemy. I am very glad that certain recent proceedings in our courts have made Captain von Rintelen's position *vis-à-vis* this country, amply clear. Since the advent to power of the Nazi Government, he has shaken the dust of Germany from off his feet and will continue in opposition until sanity returns to her national councils. He is not alone amongst the officers and ex-officers of Germany's fighting services to hold very strong views upon the course which she is steering. It is a pity that these views cannot be given

world-wide advertisement, for if they were it is certain that they would hasten the downfall of the little tin god upon wheels, at whose door all the blame will be laid for dragging his country into an abyss from which it will be difficult indeed for her to rise again inside at least three generations. The writing on the wall is in letters a mile high, especially now that at long last Germany has been told exactly where she gets off.

* * *

We regret that the picture on page xii of our issue of March 13 was incorrectly described as "a group of officers of a battalion of the Gordon Highlanders." The correct caption should have been "A Group of Staff Officers."

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS

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ALSO AT PONY RACING'S
POPULAR CENTRE—NORTHOLT

Captain and Mrs. Philip Cripps at this well-appointed centre for the smaller racing fry one day recently. Mrs. Cripps was formerly Miss Marjory Biddulph and is the only daughter of the Hon. Claud and Mrs. Biddulph, brother and sister-in-law of Lord Biddulph

TOPICS OF
VARIED INTEREST

Electricity in the Home.

SURELY it may be stated without fear of contradiction that no one can realize the important rôle that electricity plays in the modern home until a visit has been paid to the show-rooms of the General Electric Company, Magnet House, Kingsway. There are to be seen the very latest words in refrigerators, cooking stoves, fires and heating apparatus and those hundred and one gadgets that are inestimable boons to the good housewife. If a visit is impossible, then profusely illustrated catalogues

light is switched on. A bird bath and mock pool are treated in a similar manner.

Aids to Eye Beauty.

THE blackout and the inclemencies of the weather have resulted in minor eye troubles due to strain. Optrex Eye Lotion has proved a good companion during these trying months. It is a scientific preparation of plant extracts; among its many advantages is that it relieves ocular congestion with remarkable certainty and rapidity, and is entirely free from secondary unpleasant results. The eyes should be bathed with it once



No, it is not a pair of spectacles that is seen above, but an Optrex eye mask. It really is a new beauty treatment for the eyes. In addition, it refreshes the face and soothes the nerves. It must remain on for about ten minutes, the eyes closed. Subsequently, the strung-up feeling caused by the day's work fades away



Here is a screen fire which has been made by the General Electric Company, Magnet House, Kingsway. It is designed for a medium-sized room to fit into the fireplace. It can be treated to harmonize with any decorative scheme, the metal work being in silver, copper or green, with chromium plated brass reflector

will be sent. Illustrated on this page is a screen type fire which fits into the fireplace and may be treated to harmonize with the decorative scheme. Furthermore, it is interesting to note that no fewer than twenty-five rooms have been set aside at Magnet House to demonstrate various applications of lighting. There are modern and traditional styles of fittings, as well as Osira fluorescent tubing for interior lighting purposes. Imagine a mirror surrounded by a spray of flowers, in which nature's colours appear when the

or twice a day, a special eye bath being used. Of course, all make-up must be removed before the lids and eyes are treated. It is sold practically everywhere. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that it has a younger sister, that is the Optrex eye mask, an illustration of which appears above. These masks are made of a special material which succeeds in holding the lotion, but nevertheless releases it at the exact rate at which the skin can absorb it. The masks must be applied over the eyes.



YOUR FAVOURITE SHOP HAS THEM NOW . . . Recognise the same unerring rightness of style, the same superb tailoring, and remember, though costs are mounting, Nicoll prices remain, as ever, proportionately low. "Nicoll Clothes" are made in 10 scientifically graded sizes, the smallest ones being a speciality at our Regent Street shop.

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Nicolls of Regent St.



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Here is the system which women welcome for its complete freedom from all wires and electrical attachments and which they choose for its superb results with all types of hair. Look for the "Guardian Eye" on the ZOTOS Vapet—the sign of a genuine ZOTOS Permanent Wave.

Below is a list of ZOTOS Agents. All are Bond Street trained. Obtain from one of them the highly interesting ZOTOS Brochure. Alternatively write for it to the London Headquarters of ZOTOS Machineless Permanent Waving.

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Life was simple in the golden morning of the world. To-day, in wartime, it has become more nerve-racking than ever before. The article below tells you how an eight weeks' course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food can restore your natural reserve of energy and vitality.

How to win *your* 'war of nerves'

Modern life placed a heavy strain on us all even under normal peace-time conditions. In wartime the burden is doubled. We have to face additional anxieties, cope with more difficult living conditions. To resist this increased stress your nervous system must be at its maximum efficiency. This means that your nerves and blood must be maintained in a healthy, robust condition. Two elements are vitally necessary to well-nourished nerves and blood—organic phosphorus and protein. And 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food supplies these essential elements in their most easily assimilable form—a form so pure and so easily digested that it can be taken with benefit by everyone, even invalids, small children and diabetics.

Just as 'Genasprin' is accepted by the medical profession as the finest and most efficacious of all brands of pain relievers, so is 'Sanatogen' recognised as being pre-eminent in its field. That is why over 25,000 doctors have praised 'Sanatogen' in writing. It is the perfect restorative for worn nerves, vitiated blood and lack of vitality. During the last war a Cabinet Minister told the House of Commons that 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food was "a national necessity for preserving good nerves". This still holds good.

If your nerves are getting the better of you, start an eight weeks' course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food at once. Do not wait until the effects of war strain become apparent. Begin fortifying yourself against its encroachment now.

'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food increases the nourishment you absorb from your normal diet by 23.5%

Tests reported in the "Medical Magazine", Vol. xv, show that when patients were given 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food 86% of the total phosphorus of the diet was absorbed, while only 62.5% had been absorbed before 'Sanatogen' was given. All the phosphorus in the 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food was assimilated and a better absorption of the phosphorus from the other food followed. This proves that 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food not only gives you new strength and energy, but helps you to absorb more nerve-nourishment from ordinary food as well.

NERVE-NOURISHMENT FROM ORDINARY FOOD	
WITHOUT SANATOGEN	WITH 'SANATOGEN'
62.5%	86%

'SANATOGEN'

A brand of Casein and Sodium Glycerophosphate

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Obtainable at all chemists in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

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Rowes offer pure Indian
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A.	Bust 32	Hips 34
B.	" 34	" 36
C.	" 36	" 38

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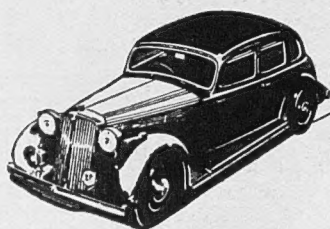
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